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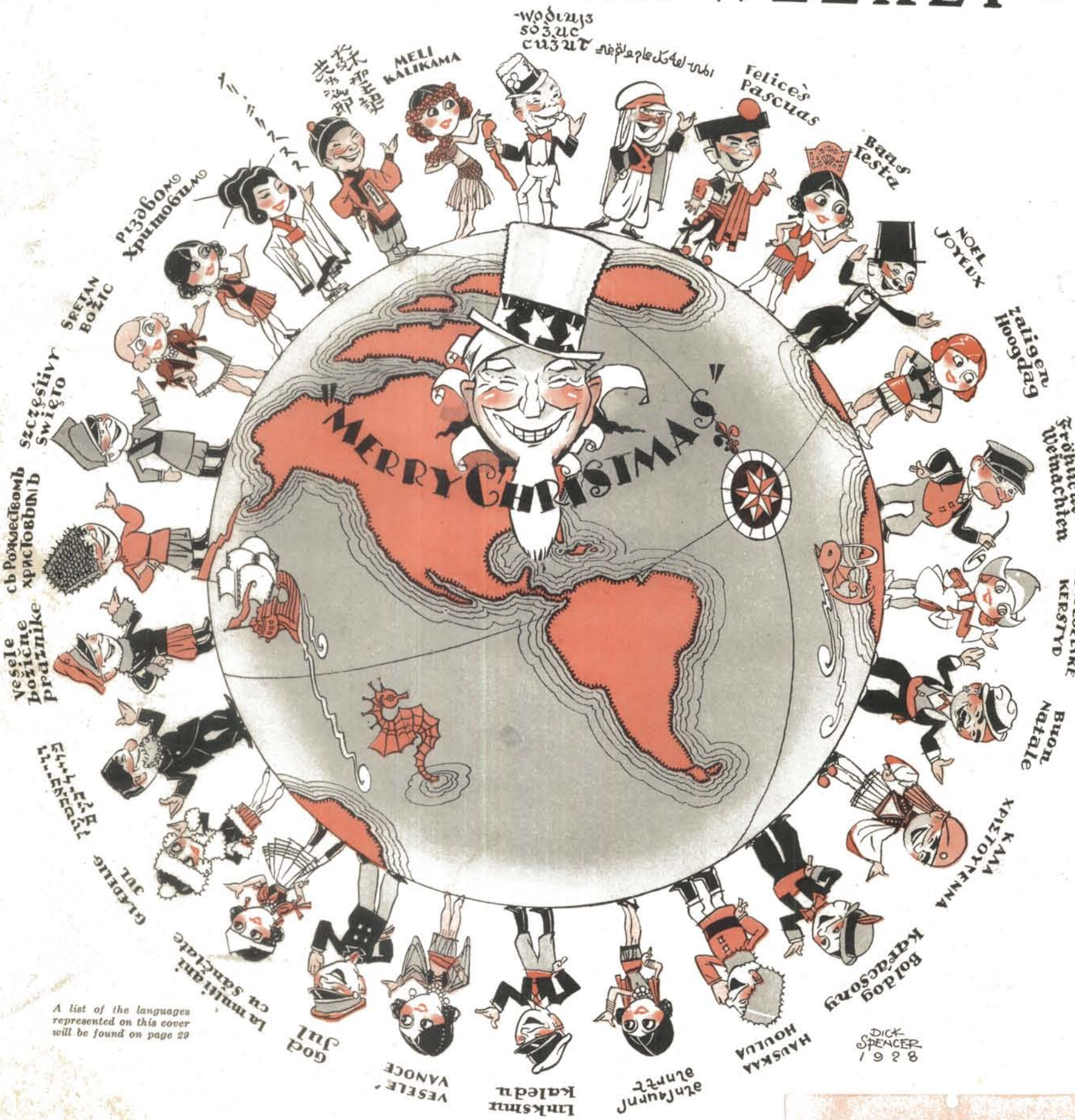
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A list of the languages represented on this cover will be found on page 29

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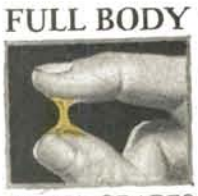

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A safer, surer motor oil

Even at 45 degrees many motor oils begin to thicken and slow up—refuse to flow with the starter. At 35 degrees their *rate of flow* becomes still lower. Then for critical seconds your cold engine grates and grinds with dry, oil-less bearings—with pistons scraping and scuffing. From freezing to zero such oils are worthless—*while warming up, they cause greater wear than can possibly occur during whole hours of high-speed driving.*

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is scientifically refined. Clean and clear, it is *visibly* free of the impurities which cause oils to clog with cold. With Texaco you can rest assured—*no matter how cold it is*—that this safer, surer motor oil is flowing freely, lubricating thoroughly, giving complete, full-bodied protection *every instant.*

Drive in today—wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Drain and refill. The Texaco Lubrication Chart will show you the correct grade to use.

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Place a bottle of Texaco Golden Motor Oil in a mixture of crushed ice and salt. In about ten or fifteen minutes the temperature of the oil will be down to about zero. See how freely it pours at that temperature. Try other oils the same way!

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To Parents

who want their children to have *all* the joys of youth

THIS is a true story. It is about a man who missed one of the greatest joys of childhood. He had to work while other boys revelled in the stories which make childhood the golden age of dreams, and heroes and magic kingdoms.

Then he grew up. He found great wealth. He built around himself a fine library. The books filled with the world's greatest literature became his bosom companions. His old age was rich with the good fellowship that reading can bring.

"Now," he said to himself, "I will make up for the lost dreams of my youth. I will read the legends, and stories and songs which gladden young hearts and spur on young spirits to finer things."

Eagerly he opened the magic books. The words were there, but, alas, the magic was gone!

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is certainly true that the inspiring stories we read as children remain with us as rich, vivid, inspiring memories for the rest of our lives. If we miss them in youth, their magic is gone forever.

Modern children have more opportunities. But there is a danger that, in giving them all that is necessary to make them happy and well, we may neglect the golden treasury of their reading. It was to make sure that all children might enjoy the priceless pleasures of books, that a remarkable library was published.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Introduction by Dr. Eliot
Reading courses by President Neilson of Smith College

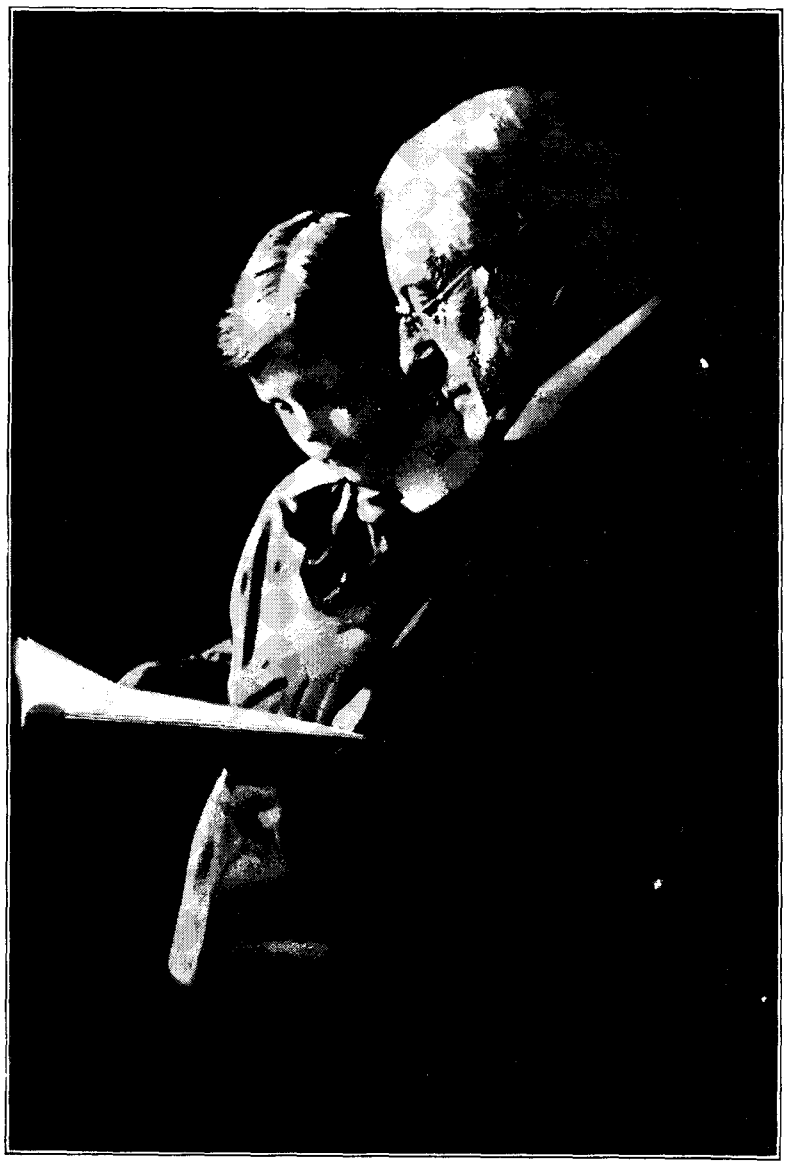
Immediately after Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf was published, a strong demand arose for a similar work for children. As one mother wrote: "Why can't someone do for children what Dr. Eliot has done for adults?" The Young Folks' Shelf of Books is the perfect fulfillment of this demand.

Dr. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University and Editor of the famous "Five-Foot Shelf," has written the splendid introduction to the Junior Classics. President Neilson of Smith College has compiled an invaluable reading guide which outlines reading courses by grades.

With this library in your home you are certain that your children are not going to miss a single one of the invaluable thrills of childhood.

The stimulating stories of heroism are here. The fantastic tales that stir the imagination are all included—982 masterpieces—the stories that guide young minds and delight young hearts.

In this busy age with the great flood of worthless books for young people, this library stands out like a fountain head. As Dr. Eliot himself says, "Here are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English speaking child."



The little grandson of the late Dr. Charles W. Eliot is here shown with his illustrious grandfather, editor of the famous Harvard Classics and author of the splendid Introduction to the Junior Classics, in which he says, "These are the real elements which should enter into the education of every English-speaking child."

You can't afford to miss finding out more about these books that can mean so much to your children. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and you will be sent the interesting free book which describes the Young Folks' Shelf of Books in detail.

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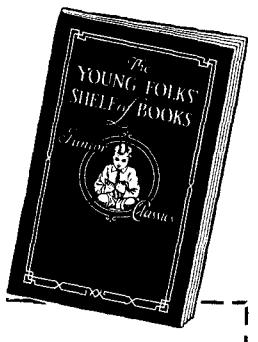

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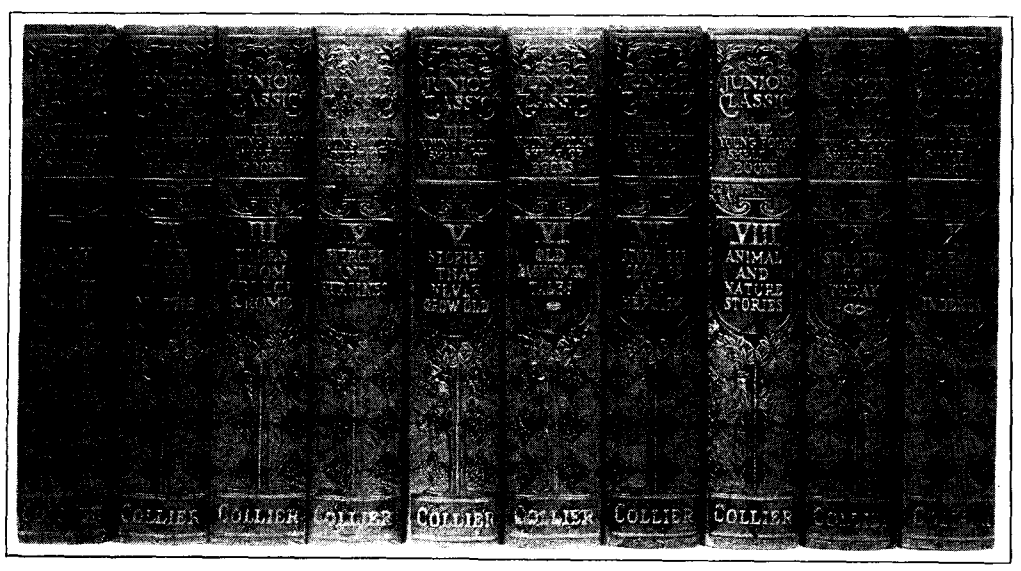

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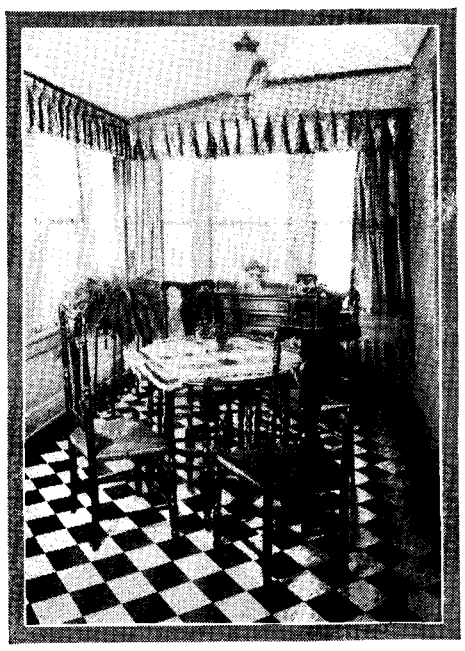
THE CAMERA CAUGHT THIS most pleasing room picture in the home of Mrs. W. L. McClure. Every room in this Warren, Pa., home has a similar Armstrong Floor. (Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6060; each color goes through to the burlap back.)

If you would like suggestions for creating fine room pictures such as this, write for Hazel Dell Brown's book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." Shows model interiors in full color. Describes an easy plan for creating correct color schemes. Sent for 10¢. (In Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 913 West End Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Are your floors CAMERA-SHY?



WHEN BREAKFAST IS SERVED in a recently completed Middle Western home, an Armstrong Floor helps spread good morning cheer. This bright checkered pattern, Inlaid No. 350, is captured sunshine itself. And the Accolac Processed surface helps keep this floor sparklingly spick-and-span.

***Suppose our camera man came to** your house—would your floors "take" well, or would you quickly cover them up?*

ANY room that wears a frown for a floor can't ever be expected to "look pleasant." Yet today it's easy—and really not expensive—to make your floors a pleasing part of your room picture.

Take, for example, these three home portraits—typical of hundreds of photographs that are sent to us from all parts of the country.

In each the floor is a different design of Armstrong's Linoleum. For each, the floors were selected just the way you choose draperies—to match and support an individual decorative scheme.

Each of these Armstrong Floors was tailored and trimly fitted to the room. All were quickly installed, without bother or upset, right over the old floors (permanently cemented over builders' deadening felt). And they brought to each home not only bright floor beauty, but also a new freedom from heavy floor-cleaning care.

Local merchants will show you the latest Armstrong Floor designs, will tell you how little it actually costs to re-floor for the last time with these easy-to-clean, foot-comforting floors of long-lasting charm. Plan to see them the next time you are shopping.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

But there'll be no tale-telling stain if your floor is Armstrong's Accolac Processed Linoleum.

THIS ROOM PORTRAIT comes from Harrison, N. Y.—the home of Robert P. Vignola, Architect. The floor (Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 6006) not only pictures well, but in actual use—more than two years now—it also keeps its fine appearance with the minimum of waxing and polishing.

Today, Armstrong Floors, are even easier to take care of. For they come to you with their surface protected by the new Accolac Process. No staining. No spotting. Just an occasional freshening up with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer—and their satin-smooth finish is kept gleaming bright, like new.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

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The Hellion

By James Stevens

A goaded man rises above the sins of his father and finds his soul in the mad welter of a heartbreaking fight

He was fighting for his youth; for what was rightly his from life

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HE WAS an only son. That is the fact of first importance to be remembered in considering the transformation of Joey Halen into a hellion. Before that astounding event you might have seen him at his marker's post in the Pacific tidewater mill of the Norblad Lumber Company—tall, lean, brown, the thews of his beam-like wrists and bulging arms making the skin run in ridges and furrows, his big neck swelling and his powerful shoulders heaving furiously, as he untangled a mess of one- and two-inch boards, straightened them, turned them, graded them in a flash, and slapped marks on their ends with his inch-thick black crayon. Seeing Joey Halen so in a grading rush at his marker's post, you certainly would have said to yourself:

"What a man!"

Had you said it aloud to Andy Norblad, you would have been perplexed by the sudden grim set of the old lumberman's mouth and by his turning you off with something like this:

"Jah. He's marked for me five year now. Five year." And then, with an emphasis that plainly said he did not care to discuss Joey Halen: "You should see our new gang saw. A beauty. Best on the coast. . . ."

Andy Norblad had made his start in Duluth. He knew all about the old days on the Great Lakes; had known all the great characters there. Among them Stormy Halen—and Stormy's Annie.

The brightest romance and the blackest tragedy colored the story. Young Stormy, the grain-ship mate, had been the image of his name. A black Irishman, laughing, loud-mouthed; a bragging swaggerer, foaming over with zest for life, fighting for the fun of it whoever would fight; loving every girl he met ashore—a storm cloud of a man, with lightning in his eyes and thunder in his fists. He used to roar:

"Faith, and I was born in a land so tough that even its canary birds sang bass! I was rocked in a barb'-wire cradle, and I was nursed on whisky straight! You've heard my bark! Who wants to try my bite now?"

IT TOOK a slim little girl with big, serious, gray eyes and with ash-blond hair parted in the middle to tame Stormy Halen. An old story. She let him marry her, and he worshiped the ground where she walked. She kept him tame in port, did Annie Halen, but out on the waves of Lake Superior the storm in him would break. Too often he came home with wounds of battle, to be shamed and reproached—and warned. The warnings became serious after the boy Joey was born.

And then the black cloud of tragedy swept over their lives.

The sailor had mutinied; that was proved at the trial. But the smash of Stormy Halen's fist had broken his jaw and somersaulted him into the frame of a winch, fracturing his skull—and so manslaughter was the verdict—and the sentence was finally reduced to five years.

To Annie Halen that was unspeakable shame and disgrace—utter calamity. Taking Joey, she disappeared from all who knew them. When Andy Norblad met her she was running a small millinery shop in a Minnesota sawmill town. He had never seen her before, but he had the best of reasons for remembering Stormy Halen with gratitude. The boy Joey was a living miniature of his father. The picture—and that was all. Tame as a chicken, that was Andy Norblad's term for him, so well had Annie succeeded in grafting to the son of Stormy Halen a horror of blood and battle, a fear of what she called the taint in his blood.

But at last fate decided that Andy Norblad should change his tune.

A regular winter work day. That was how it started. Regular, dreary and dull. For two hours the boards streamed steadily from the trimmer and resaw rolls. The line-up men swung and stabbed with pickaroons, and without trouble straightened and spread the boards upon the crawling conveyor chains for grading. For two hours Joey Halen stood in one spot before the waist-high table, his head jerking up as he turned a stick and sized it up for length, width, thickness, knots, pitch pockets, and looking directly down as he chalked the symbol of a grade on the end nearest him. Two hours of clockwork sawmilling.

So Joey Halen graded and marked mechanically, the grading rules, the thirty-five orders and the eighty grade symbols always on file in his mind. Had he *thought* about each board, it would have taken him at least a minute to grade it. The trick had to be turned in the second, and so mechanically, leaving part of his mind free.

He could look across his table and under the shed roof upon a scene of vast activity. On the left were rows of twenty-foot lumber piles, trams laid between them, and electric lumber carriers rolling on the trams. Between the piles and the cargo dock were the side track, the planer sheds and the great dry shed, a storehouse for dried and dressed clear lumber. The cargo dock was an eighth of a mile long. On a space 500 feet in length and 30 feet

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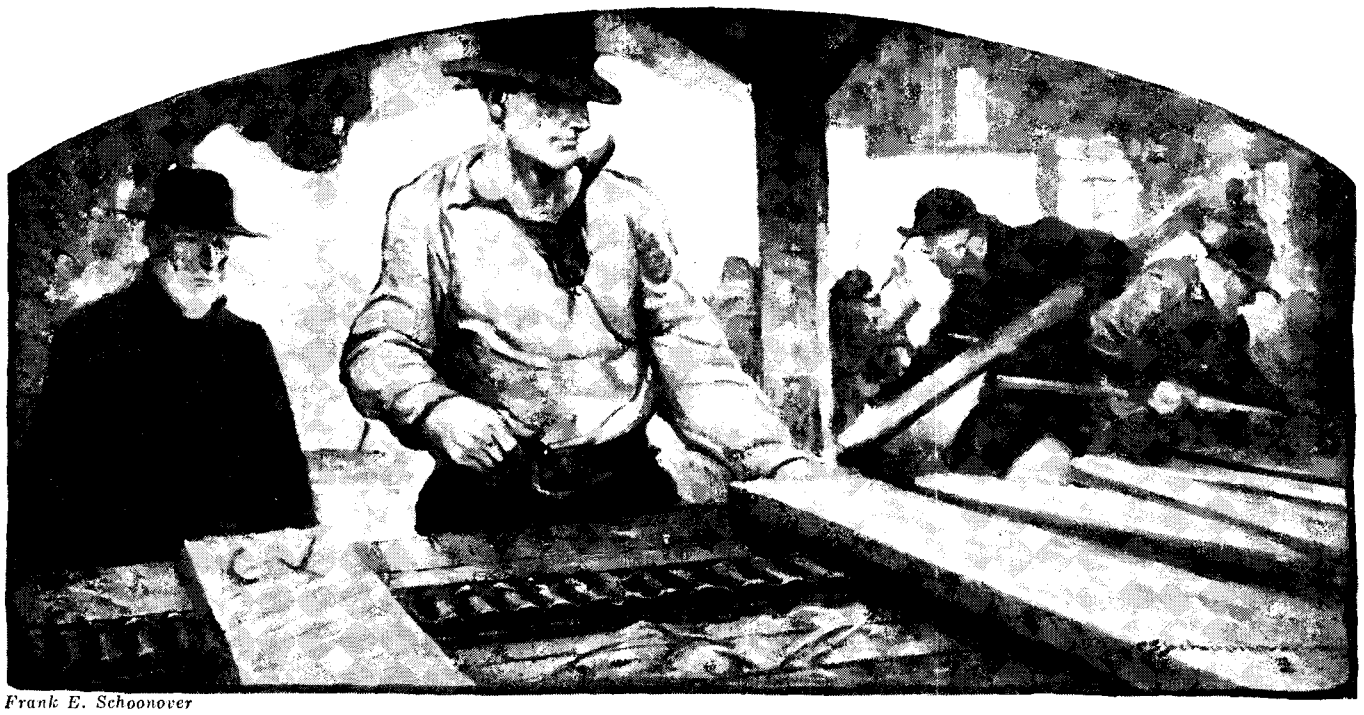

Frank E. Schoonover

Seeing Joey Halen then, you'd have said, "What a man!"

wide lumber was stacked to a height of 8 feet. A deep-water ship had moored alongside this morning, to load the big order for New York. Already the winches were roaring, and slingloads rising, swinging, dropping down the hatches. . . . Glancing through the gray mist of rain that darkened the day, Joey Halen noticed a man muffled in a black overcoat tramping down the gangway. He thought nothing of that. The sight was common enough.

JOEY HALEN, like most of us, had no realization of how some seemingly trivial event or some person apparently commonplace may release a force in one's life that has hitherto been hidden or disavowed.

So Captain John A. Donlin, on the Northwest Coast and in a lumber port for the first time, leaving his ship to visit Seattle, came by the sorting table on his way to the station and stopped to watch the grading. The big marker did not see this unconscious minister of fate for some time. Part of his mind was grading, the rest was retracing four hours of study passed the night before. For ten years this study had gone on, with at least an hour a day devoted to it. Not a man in the sawmill, from Andy Norblad down, had one quarter of Joey Halen's technical knowledge of lumbering, from the tree to the market.

Relentlessly he had pursued fact after fact and stored each one securely in his mind. That was his pride. There was where he felt his strength, his superiority. That, so he thought, was why he kept himself aloof from the crowd. But actually it was his defense against the impulse that so often roared like thunder in his ears, burned so often in his blood. So he had been taught to live, and so he was, a machine of study in a magnificent frame of muscle and bone.

A sense of the emptiness of his life had deepened every year since he was twenty. He never admitted that he missed the comradeship of men or the gay, irresponsible hours that other youths enjoyed with girls, for he could hardly know what all that was, having been kept strictly to himself most of his life. But he was more and more tormented by the realization that he was an alien among the men he worked with, most of them ignoring him, but some resenting his knowledge of his trade and the air of contemptuous superiority with which he displayed it on occasion. One of these last was the yard foreman, Callahan, who was called "Toughy" by his men. He was always trying to get a rise out of his marker, bullying him at every chance, always going a little farther the more he was contemptuously ignored.

"I know more about lumber in five minutes than that slave driver knows in five years," the marker would say to himself. "Why should I pay him any attention?"

But such arguments with himself were getting old. Joey Halen was about ready for the little thing to happen—something like two different looks from a curious ship captain's forceful eyes.

There was a lull in the stream of lumber. The marker turned for a look at the order board, to make sure that all the items of a new order were securely in mind. Ten feet away stood the captain. He spoke in the voice that is tempered hard by years of command:

"This is my first voyage to a Northwestern port. I'd like to know something about your lumber, if you please."

"I'll try to answer any questions," said Joey, with his usual air of aloof indifference.

It was unheeded by the captain. He asked a variety of questions, and at first Joey answered them with calm certainty. Then the captain's eyes began to disturb him. They bored into his own with a force that made him want to draw back, and finally to turn away. He got so flustered that he halted over his answer. He was amazed at the disorder in his mind, and he tried to quiet it. But the strange power of the captain's gaze only confused him more than ever. He was vastly relieved when the lumber started to roll again.

A BREAKDOWN of some sort had dammed it up on the trimmer table; and now a mass of one-inch stuff flooded the rolls and tumbled over the chains in a confusion which the line-up men could not untangle. Then the captain saw Joey Halen in the only time when the tide of life surged high in his being.

A swipe of his hand knocked his hat to the floor. Then he lunged for a two-by-four that was sticking out from the center of a tangled pile of boards. For an instant his two big elbows jutted out from his body as he bore down on the stick; then his shoulders weaved in tremendous jerks as the two-by-four was yanked from side to side; and in two seconds from his first jump he stiffened up, heaved, and the pile of boards was broken and scattered. Now the line-up men were with him; one by one the boards were straightened, turned, graded, the crayon hardly seeming to touch each piece, but leaving a clean grade symbol just the same; and the "mess" was in hand.

The yard foreman had been coming up to the sorting table when the rush started. He had seen it and broken into a run. But the mess was untangled before he could reach the marker, and there was nothing left for him to say or do. Not until he saw two boards, short one-by-fours, which had slipped by ungraded. Seeing them, Toughy Callahan grinned, spit out a cud of tobacco, and pulled them from the table. He carried the sticks up and slammed them at the marker's feet.

"What the hell you think we're runnin' here, a damn' playhouse?" he bawled. "If you can't run this chain, we'll get somebody who will! Pick up them boards and grade 'em right, and don't let me see any more get by!"

He swaggered close to the marker now, his eyes beady, his jaw set, his chin jutting, his fists shut, obviously itching for back talk. But Joey ignored him, as he always did. Every time made Toughy still more furious. His cheeks burned red now; his eyes glittered malignantly.

"Yeller!" he snarled, turning away.

Captain Donlin still stood by the order board. He did not give the swaggering yard foreman a glance. His eyes, with all of their force intensified in a look of pity and contempt, bored into the young marker's broad back. Suddenly Joey Halen turned, seeming to feel the look. It struck him like a blow. In the instant the captain turned away.

Joey Halen had felt the fire of anger before in his life, but never with such fury as now possessed him. Blazing red streaks and spots danced before his eyes. Words pounded in his throat, and he shook with an impulse to leap out, seize the captain by the arm, jerk him around, and bawl into his face:

"Any man that says I'm a coward is a liar! And you said it with your eyes! Damn that look of yours! It lied! Me fight with that—that—you think I'd get down on my hands and knees and fight with a dog?"

But the habit of years was too strong. He turned back to his work.

Sawmill hands and longshoremen packed the big bare lobby of the company hotel. Most of them, wool-shirted and with sweat-streaked suspenders banding their shoulders, were massed before the wide double doors that led to the dining-room. A humming roar of talk surged and ebbed among them as they waited for the dinner gong.

Joey Halen was apart from the crowd, leaning against the wall in a dark corner. He was still in a torment from the blows suffered that morning; he could still feel the steel twisting under his ribs. The yard boss had roared profanely at him again just before the quitting whistle, in the attempt to start an argument over some boards that were not of any distinct grade. The marker had refused to argue, though not with his usual calm. His jaw had tightened and his eyes had narrowed, which Toughy Callahan observed with much pleasure. He thought that at last he had Norblad's stuck-up pet going. Toughy didn't care much for his job, but he had a notion that old Andy might be considering the marker for it, and that was one cause for his animus. Then, he loved to play the bully, and the marker had been an easy card. Today, however, the worm had discovered that it had fangs, and it was ready to turn and strike. Toughy Callahan, yielding to the desire to strut before the crowd of men waiting for the dinner gong, tried to bully Joey Halen down at a mighty bad time.

"WHAT the hell's happened to your eyes, anyway?" he bawled, in a voice that hushed the surge of talk in the room and turned all eyes on him. "I'm gettin' sick of havin' to climb your frame about ever' stick of lumber you grade! Here I'm comin' down the tram after the whistle blowed, and I find where a tallyman's been workin' over a pile, and he's throwed out 30 per cent! Now, I mean I'm gettin' sick of—"

"I saw that pile, Callahan. It was cut by the night shift."

In an instant the yard boss' face was sneering within six inches of his own; the beady eyes were glittering into his, and the bawled words smashed him like blows from a club:

"You're a damn' dirty liar! Tryin' to blame somebody else, you yeller bum!"

There was an explosion of red before Joey Halen's eyes. Toughy Callahan saw those eyes suddenly turn a storm-cloud black, cheeks and forehead whiten, features tense until the marker's teeth shone wolflike through distorted lips—all that in an instant—and then fists like knots were whirling for his face and he had the terrifying sensation of going down under a tumbling pile of lumber.

"Get up and take 'er, you ——." And the already (Continued on page 43)

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Heading Backwards

Progress has lost a faithful follower. From now on you'll find me seated in the back parlor before a picture of Queen Victoria, flanked by crayon enlargements of Rutherford B. Hayes an' J. G. Whittier, feebly mutterin' to the effect that things were different in my day.

Uncle Henry

"Then came the rage for classical and interpretative dancin', by way of showin' how Pan spent his rainy afternoons"

"WHAT'S the matter?" asked Mr. Stubbs with some anxiety. "You look like you'd lost a near relative."

"I never let any relatives get near," morosely answered Uncle Henry.

"Then how come? Why so lugubrious?"

"I've fallen behind in the march of progress," confessed Uncle Henry. "What with the pace gettin' so hot, I've developed flat feet, heart murmur an' a bad case of spavin. It comes as a blow, 'Lonzo, for you know how I've prided myself on bein' modern. Why, I had as good a line of patter as any livin' radical an', what was more, I even knew what some of it meant.

"For years I've never let a day pass without takin' a slam at Queen Victoria, E. P. Roe an' Longfellow, an' every mornin' I'd leap out of the house with a wild yell, an' start runnin' in circles without even once askin' where I was goin'. I attacked everything that was more than twenty-four hours old, an' governed my life on the principle that a little Mencken now an' then is relished by the wisest men.

"At the time women began goin' in for facial surgery, I made no objection, only takin' the precaution to crop my wife's left ear so that I would know her again. I was among the first to demand the abolition of corsets, pointin' out that solitary confinement was a medieval practice, an' when men protested against bobbed hair, didn't I rebuke them by recallin' the fact that we ourselves once wore sideburns?

"I was a pioneer in the equal suffrage movement, publicly insistin' that women had jes' as much right to stay away from the polls as men. When divorce was urged as a national pastime, bein' a game that everybody could play, wasn't it my suggestion that marriage be turned over to the mail-order houses so that husbands an' wives could be sent parcel post?

"Nobody heard me raise a howl when all the women took to smokin'? Why, I'm actually lame in the legs from strikin' matches for 'em. Instead of pullin' any Jeremiah stuff, I pointed out that cigarettes weren't half as immoral an' depraved as the china women used to paint, the coal scuttles they used to gild, the cozy corners an' dens they used to fix up, an' urged my fellowmen to remember the horrors of pyrography, an' rejoice that a change had come.

"Wasn't I the only male in these parts to stand up for girls when they began bravin' the elements without stockin's? Did I utter a single word about immorality or ask what the world was comin' to? An' *that*, my dear 'Lonzo, called for quite a bit of courage, for what with all these here curious effects in Primitive Gothic an' Early Clydesdale the feminine leg isn't exactly what might be called an artistic treat.

A Pilgrim of Progress

"I was the first man in this section to learn how to pronounce *bourgeoise*, an' signed one hundred an' eighteen petitions protestin' about Sacco an' Vanzetti before I even knew what they were arrested for. I was also among the first to buy a copy of Sigmund Freud from the local booklegger, an' to show you jes' how far I carried my radicalism, I even read some of the stuff.

"No man was stronger for Libido than me, although, strictly between us, I never did find out exactly what it meant, an' as for psychoanalysis, bright an' early every Monday mornin' I'd take a laundry bag full of dreams down to the doctor. Don't you remember my letter to the papers, in which I contended that psychoanalysis was a great advance over chiropractic, because it wasn't necessary to take any arduous three weeks' course by mail?

"I stood for all of the new theories in education, even that one about duty an' discipline interferin' with the development of the child's individuality. Why, no complaint passed my lips even when a neighbor's boy buried his teeth to the hilt in the calf of my leg, for I realized that it was only the little lad's brave effort to overcome some inherited inhibition.

"An' don't you remember how I came out an' fought all those censorship bills, boldly supportin' the radical contention that Art has jes' as much right to be exposed as plumbin'? Art for Dirt's sake was my slogan, an' I yelled it good an' loud. There again, 'Lonzo, was somethin' that took courage, for at my age it's rather hard havin' to put on rubber boots an' a gas mask every time I go to a theater or pick up a book.

The change in dancin' was another thing that hurt. In our day, 'Lonzo, dancin' *meant* dancin'. Terpsichore was a full sister to St. Vitus, an' when we swung into a waltz, two step or schottische, bystanders had no trouble distinguishin' us from the furniture. Why, if you ever lost hold roundin' a corner in the ballroom, such was the centrifugal force that you'd go right through the wall an' never stop rollin' for two or three blocks.

"Fox trots, one steps, an' tangos killed rapid motion, changin' dancin' from a pleasure into a complaint. It got so you couldn't tell a dance floor from the waitin'-room of a free clinic for creepin' palsy. Then came the rage for classical an' interpretative dancin', with barelegged gals wadin' in lotus pools an' knee-sprung couples chasin' each other around the parlor by way of showin' how Pan spent his rainy afternoons.

"Nothin', however, was as terrible as this Mental Dancin' that started here a while back. I remember seein' one fellow come out from behind a curtain, costumed in a loin cloth that looked as if it had been sent as a sample by a Vermont storekeeper. He took up a squattin' position in the center of the floor, an' for exactly one-half hour did nothin' but twitch his ears, wrinkle his nose an' utter a series of low gurgles.

"'Say,' I said, turning to the woman next to me, 'when is he goin' to dance?'

"'Sh-h!' she hissed. 'He *is*. Don't you see that he's portrayin' Primitive Man's specific effort to adjust himself to a concrete situation? His emotional reactions on findin' himself in a drawin'-room on a hardwood floor? For heaven's sake, get in rhythm! Breathe in unison.'

"Well, 'Lonzo, I even stood for *that*, but now I've met my Waterloo. I'm finished. Progress has lost a faithful follower, an' I'm back among those who believe that babies come in the doctor's black bag. From now on, you'll find me seated in the back parlor before a picture of Queen Victoria, flanked by crayon enlargements of Rutherford B. Hayes an' J. G. Whittier, feebly mutterin' sentences to the effect that things were different in my day.

Just One Too Many

"What killed me was this new craze for Straightforward Talk, this passion for callin' a spade a spade whether it's a spade or not. I went to a dinner party last night, an' at the end of an hour my blushes had burned off my clothes an' the flames were threatenin' my fig leaf. An' it wasn't as if the subjects were new, 'Lonzo. As a matter of fact, they were *old*, as old as love an' matin' an' children an' sin an' shame an' evil.

"Judgin' from the way they gabbed, sex was somethin' that had jes' been discovered, an' the lusts of the flesh were modern inventions along with loud speakers an' comic supplements. Nice women used words I hadn't heard since I drove mules, an' before the evenin' was over, I felt as if I was attendin' an Old Home Week of the Stevedores' Union, with a delegation from the Taxi Drivers' Social Club as guests of honor.

"But that's the trouble with progress, 'Lonzo. A strong man like Herb Hoover can take it or leave it alone, but the average person becomes an addict. Between you an' me, reactionaries have all the best of it, for people can only get jes' so narrow, an' then they're through. Bein' broad, however, is vastly different, for breadth has no limits, an' the first you know you're takin' in everything."

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs defensively, "you want an open mind, don't you?"

"Sure," admitted Uncle Henry, "but I don't want it runnin' wide open."

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Sugar Moon

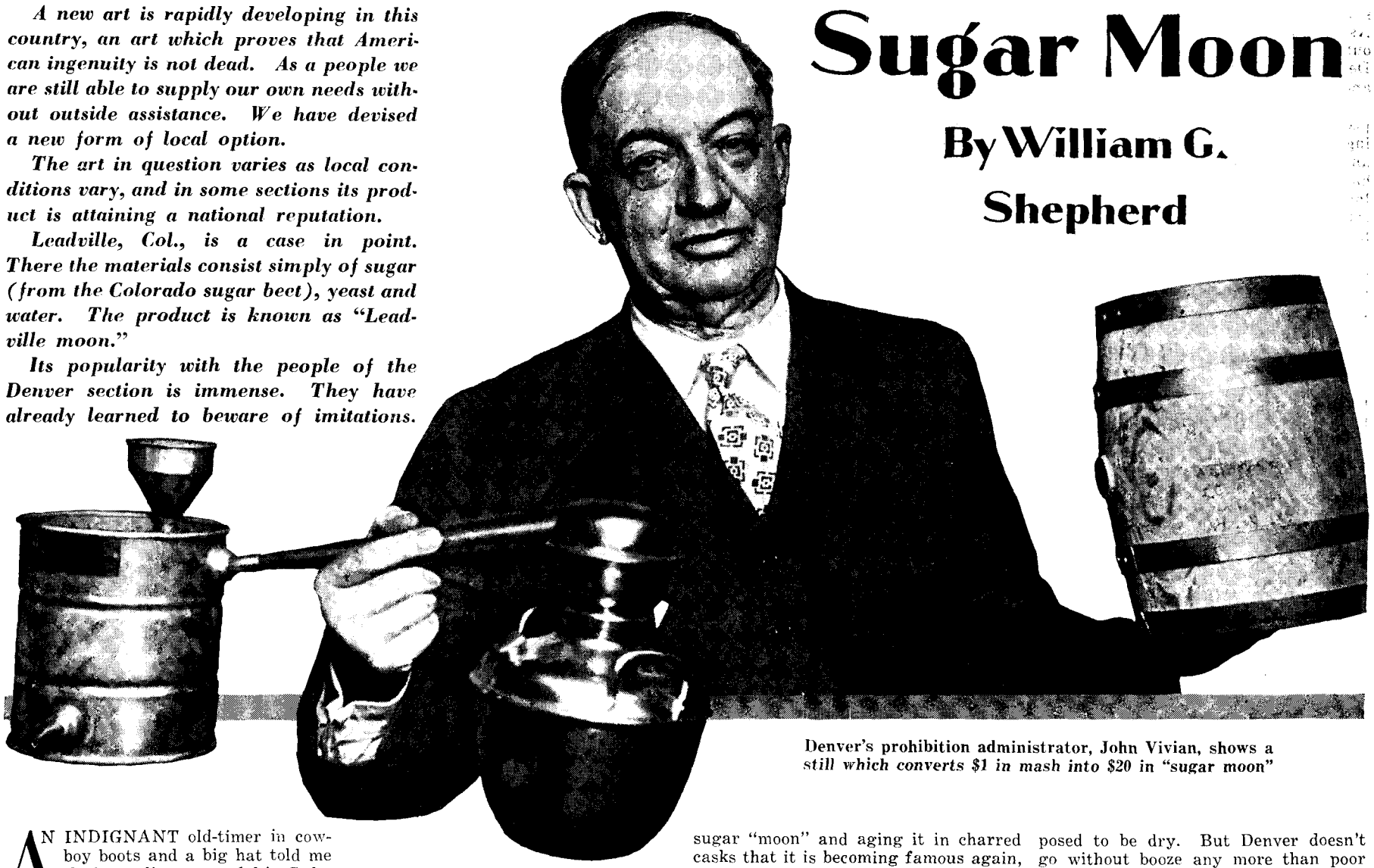
By William G. Shepherd

A new art is rapidly developing in this country, an art which proves that American ingenuity is not dead. As a people we are still able to supply our own needs without outside assistance. We have devised a new form of local option.

The art in question varies as local conditions vary, and in some sections its product is attaining a national reputation.

Leadville, Col., is a case in point. There the materials consist simply of sugar (from the Colorado sugar beet), yeast and water. The product is known as "Leadville moon."

Its popularity with the people of the Denver section is immense. They have already learned to beware of imitations.



Denver's prohibition administrator, John Vivian, shows a *still which converts $1 in mash into $20 in "sugar moon"*

AN INDIGNANT old-timer in cowboy boots and a big hat told me the latest liquor scandal in Cody, Wyo.

"Yes, sir," he said, "this prohibition is gettin' plum disgustin'. Back in the early days when Buffalo Bill and Old Man Beck started this town there was occasional ruckuses of course. You couldn't expect those fellows who used to come in from the ranges to behave themselves when they got into town here. I can show you bullet marks on the ceiling of the old barroom of Buffalo Bill's Hotel Irma, and I can show you bullet holes in the walls of buildings and in telephone posts hereabout, but that is a sort of thing that you would expect from them fellows. It came natural to them. But what do you think about a bunch of boys and girls in this town, downright stealin' a keg of white mule from a dealer like they did here a couple of years ago, and goin' over to the Methodist church and breakin' in and havin' a dance there?"

Cody is a wet town. But, isolated though it is in the great sheep and grazing country of the Northwest far from other cities or towns, no outside bootleggers dash toward it along the bleak roads, nor do aviators soar through its blue skies with cargoes of liquor. Cody doesn't need any outside help to be wet—though it would need, perhaps, the help of a considerable portion of the United States army to be dry—because the Cody country has found out how to "make its own."

The Western Renaissance

Mountain water and Wyoming or Colorado beet sugar, with a little mixture of baker's yeast, produces, at more than one remote ranch-house distillery, just as pure liquor as anyone in America ever drank, even in the days before prohibition.

Bars are open in Cody and so are the gambling houses. While I was there several weeks ago the editor of the Cody Enterprise complained in his newspaper that the town constable should at least keep drunken men off the main street.

Ask any Eastern expert what he knows about whisky called "North Fork," and he'll look blank. This is because he lives too far away from the Shoshone River, where this liquor is made. And not enough of it is made for export.

Now all of this, I know, makes Cody out to be a pretty wet town, set down in the midst of a wet desert. But it isn't fair to pick on Cody alone.

Wherefore, we shall turn to that eminent town of Leadville, Col.

Harrison Avenue in Leadville! There's a street for you.

Back in the old days when the mines were running full blast and at least half the 40,000 people were awake and stirring, either in the sunlight or under the street lights, 24 hours a day, Harrison Avenue was wide open. Music from the dance halls, boisterous laughter, shouts and songs filled each hour of the 24. Well, Mister Old-timer of Leadville, wherever you are today among the tens of thousands that have dispersed from that wild town, it may interest you to know that Leadville isn't so dead, even today. There are only about 5,000 people there now, but the mine shifts work day and night; pay days come twice a month and each of the 24 hours see at least a dozen bars open in old Harrison Avenue and plenty of gambling at faro and on the wheel.

Leadville seems to be coming back just a little bit. Here's what I mean: Wherever you go in Colorado a bootlegger who wants to persuade you that he has the best possible stuff says to you, "Mister, this is good stuff. It's Leadville 'moon.'"

Like one of the communities of France, which each yields its own famous precious wine, Leadville has so far progressed in the art of producing sugar "moon" and aging it in charred casks that it is becoming famous again, not for precious metals but for precious hootch.

A traveling man approaching Denver, warned me against bootleggers in Denver who might try to foist counterfeit Leadville liquor on me.

"It's sugar liquor they will give you all right," he said, "but it won't be Leadville."

I find a close race in these states at the eastern foot of the Rockies between Leadville liquor and the apparently desirable North Fork liquor made by the ranch blind-piggers of the Wyoming Valley of the Shoshone.

But why ask bullet-pocked Cody and rough old Leadville to stand alone in their wet shame before the world?

There's Denver. She, too, stands in this wet desert that lies along the eastern foot of the Rockies.

Denver's Unique Wetness

If the wet folks in any city in this country have had a hard time making their city wet it was the wet folks of Denver. For a time, indeed, it looked as if they'd never make it. In a country-wide questionnaire on prohibition conducted by Collier's three years ago Denver stood out as the driest city in the land. But the Wets (not the voters but the drinkers) have changed all that.

Consider the problem the drink takers of Denver had to face. Consider Denver. She is 500 miles from any other large city. She stands 5,100 feet up, against the Rocky Mountains. To the north, south and east of her lie the great, incredibly bleak prairies that slowly climb from the level of Lake Superior or the Missouri River to where Denver sits up in the sky.

I have found people all around the edges of the United States who have a feeling that if you get far enough away from the Atlantic or the Pacific oceans or from the Canadian or Mexican borders you will find no liquor.

Our bleak interior prairies are supposed to be dry. But Denver doesn't go without booze any more than poor old isolated Robinson Crusoe went without clothes. And isolated Denver hasn't asked much more help from bootleggers in the great outside world than Robinson Crusoe asked of Piccadilly tailors when he made his goat-skin suit.

Here's how it is in Denver, as a former prohibition officer put it to me:

"Folks here simply had to have their liquor like folks in other places, and so they got it."

Of all the wetness that I have seen in dozens of American cities, the wetness of Denver, with its 2,000 bootleggers on the sidewalks of Welton Street, in garages, in cigar stores, in soft-drink places, in hotel lobbies, in taxi drivers' seats, and elsewhere, is the most unique.

Necessity challenged the local bootlegger of Denver and of the state of Colorado and he has proved equal to the task. Denver's booze is local to Colorado, but it is as pure booze as bootleggers anywhere in the United States have to sell. Let us see how poor, lonely, isolated Denver has met the Federal prohibition problem.

Colorado, as you may remember, adopted state prohibition in 1914 by charter amendment. They tell you in Denver and other Colorado towns today that prohibition in Colorado worked better for six years under the state law than it has for the past eight years under the Federal law.

"Why is this?" I asked a Denver police official. He replied:

"Federal prohibition gave us an extra police department here in Colorado, and we all lean back on the Federal police, I suppose, expecting them to do the whole job."

However that may be, Denver and the rest of Colorado got excellent local booze in the following very Robinson Crusoesque fashion:

Colorado produces copper. If Colorado only had mills in which copper sheets are rolled out, the state would never have to ask any help of the out-

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side world in producing its own liquor. As it is, this Colorado copper is sent outside and some of it is sent back to Denver in the form of copper sheets and copper tubing.

I am not saying that a good many people in Colorado have not been making a desperate effort to keep Denver and the state dry. The state legislature has passed about every possible kind of law that the Anti-Saloon League or other Drys could think of. One of these laws makes it a penitentiary offense—2 to 5 years—to possess a still for the manufacture of alcoholic drinks. This is where the copper sheeting and tubing comes in.

Made-to-Your-Measure Stills

"You can't catch one of these danged tinsmiths making these stills that we find out on the ranches," said a broad-hatted, rather rough, cowboy-looking prohibition agent to this inquisitive writer. "One of these danged fellows will cut out a pattern in copper just like a tailor cuts out a suit of clothes from a piece of cloth. He'll load this flat copper and a length or two of copper tube on to a little truck, covered with canvas and run 40 or 50 miles, maybe, across country to some dog-gone out-of-the-way ranch house, hell-and-gone from anywhere, and solder the pieces together and make a big boiler that will hold 250 or 500 gallons of mash. Then he will twist this copper tubing into coils, and there is your still.

"It doesn't cost more than $300 or $400, all told. We have picked up a lot of these stills away out in the midst of the prairie or out in the mountains, but none of us ever got one of these whisky makers to squeal on the fellow who made his still for him."

There, as the officer said, is the still. Now what does the Colorado bootlegger "cook"? There is not a lot of corn, rye or barley in Colorado. Of course potatoes, which are about the finest potatoes in the world, are raised here. But the potato alcohol has such a peculiar taste—as German alcohol makers discovered when they tried to sell it to the Scotch whisky makers of Great Britain—that it doesn't make what Southerners call "nachel whisky."

What to do? Colorado produces 48% of the beet sugar of the United States. Industrial alcohol makers of America import hundreds of millions of gallons of molasses from Cuba annually for alcohol production. What could beat the sugar from the huge, rich Colorado sugar beet? The answer is Nothing. It was as simple as Robinson Crusoe's taking a suit of clothes away from a goat. And so Denver and the state of Colorado, including its busy mining towns and its vast stretches of desert-like grazing land, is WET with sugar alcohol from the tip of Pikes Peak, where you see discarded bottles, to the edge of the Colorado River, where I have seen hunters discard the cunning little one-gallon oak casks in which Colorado alcohol is frequently sold. Emblem of the prairie's wetness! That's this little cask.

The very attractive baby whisky barrel is a unique feature of Colorado drinking. They tell me it is something new, though for all I know it may have appeared by now in other parts of the United States. Pull out the plug, stick your index finger through the bung-hole, bend your finger and rub it against the inside of the barrel and you will bring forth a pitch-black digit, covered with charcoal. The transparent sugar alcohol made by ranch distillers in the sheep deserts takes on a rich rye or bourbon hue in these charred casks. On the end of these little casks is burned the emblem "1. W. O. S. O." and the word "charred."

Cheap, Pure and Potent

"Seems to me the word charred is simple enough to understand if you stick your finger in the barrel," one of the desert-ranging prohibition officers said to me, "and I suppose the figure one means one gallon. That is about the size of the little feller. But what W. O. S. O. means none of us have ever been able to make out."

The simplicity of making this Western beet-sugar whisky is one of the whisky's many striking features.

"This feller up near Leadville," so a duly authorized prohibition official told me, "has a conscience about his work. He takes a pound and a half of baker's yeast to every six-dollar bag of sugar and 50 gallons of water. And it is the finest spring water, too. He lets this stand at an 80° temperature for about 10 days and he is very careful not to let the temperature go down day or night, either. Change in temperature spoils good mash.

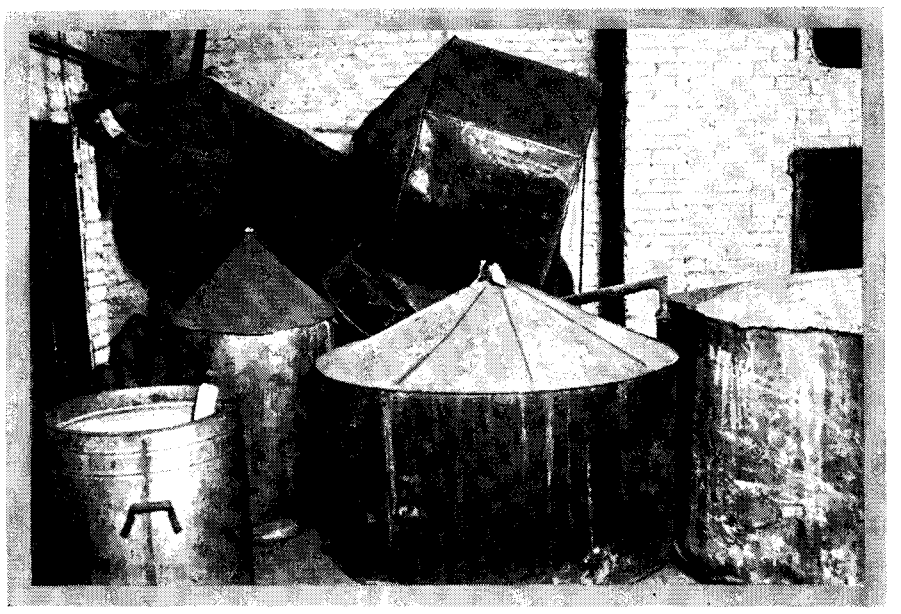
"When it is ready he puts it in his cooker and catches the steam. That makes natural whisky. Lots of fellers strain their whisky only once, but this feller strains it twice. He ain't in a hurry about lettin' it out either. He always has a lot that he has kept about 90 days, then he puts it in a little charred barrel and he gits $10 or $12 a barrel for it.

"There must be a lot of money in it too. We caught a feller once, in a ranch house, who had made a still by soldering the top of a wash boiler onto the boiler and running a pipe up through it. It was just an ordinary wash boiler like my wife uses on Mondays. That fellow could turn out six dollars' worth of whisky an hour with that wash boiler. And the sugar and yeast that he put in it didn't cost one fourth that much."

Yes, sugar "moon" pays very well indeed. Not far from Leadville, but in a spot that seems difficult to locate, there is a former prohibition officer of the Federal government who, in the course of his official duties, sensing the special profits that were to be made out of Leadville "moon," opened his own still.

However, a prohibition official going into the distilling business is not unusual in Colorado.

Remember the state constabulary of Colorado, the so-called "Cossacks" who were so bitterly complained of by striking miners for their cruelty and oppression that the state was forced to disband them after a lifetime of less than two years? A man by the name of Clifton Wilder was the picturesque chief of this state constabulary. He was a terrifying figure, with his guns and his brass-buttoned uniform, to the wives and children of miners on strike.



Colorado stills "tailored" by local tinsmiths and assembled on the premises

Moses had nothing on Colorado's bootleggers, who discovered the sugar-beet—and stopped rum-running

A Slight Distinction in Stills

What a defender of prohibition that man was! Within the space of five months he raided scores of stills, seized over 38,000 pints of "desert moon" and flocks of automobiles. That was back in the early days of prohibition when, besides being the chief of the State Rangers, he was also chief of the state prohibition enforcement department, charged with the duties of enforcing Colorado's state prohibition laws.

Not long ago Federal officers found him standing among his own stills. Or, at least, so a jury decided. On land adjoining his Arapahoe County ranch house was found a 500-gallon apparatus for making "sugar moon." Wilder insisted in court that the apparatus was not his, but the jury decided otherwise and he was convicted of the possession, operation and ownership of a still and sentenced to from four to five years in the penitentiary. At this writing he has appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

This local (*Continued on page 42*)

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Ally takes a Stand

For once in his life Father gets it straight from the shoulder

By Elizabeth Jordan

Illustrated by John A. Haelen

He had packed with almost frantic haste, based on the fear that Mary might come in for a final talk

DAVID STRONG prided himself on being as direct as his name. He had been direct all his life. He would continue to be so, even in this interview with his middle-aged wife, which was the hardest interview of his life. "No sense of cutting off a tail by inches to save the animal pain," he had told himself with a return to the homely philosophy of his boyhood.

So now he fixed his eyes on Mary's and kept them there, though it was bitterly hard to meet her clear, untroubled look. Much as he had tried to prepare her for this moment, much gossip as there had been in the town, Mary Strong's faith in him was as absolute as it had always been.

"Mary," he steadily began, "I guess you've seen for a long time, just as I have, that things weren't going right with you and me."

"I been satisfied, David," she said serenely. It touched her that David might imagine he had to explain or apologize. "You been a good provider," she went on, "and a good husband and father." As she spoke she began to arrange a mass of old-fashioned white roses she had just brought in from the garden. The action irritated him. He wanted all her attention, and those everlasting white roses, which filled the garden and were always around the house, were beginning to get on his nerves. They and the garden in general represented the only reaction to beauty he had ever discovered in Mary. It was like Mary, he had often reflected, to take to something so simple and old-fashioned, when she could have had the best hothouses in the region, could have carried off prizes at the flower shows if she had cared to.

"Well, I haven't been satisfied," he said curtly. The reply shocked her into real attention, and she turned from the roses. He saw the expression of her gray eyes change, but he hurried on, more ruthlessly now, for her words, so kindly meant, had touched him on the raw.

"I've been a good provider, all right, and I'll always be. You and Ally will have everything I can give you, just as you've always had in the past. But in other respects there's going to be a change. I'm going to live in a way that's in better keeping with the position I've built up."

HIS wife sighed but was inwardly reassured, and showed it by resuming her work on the flowers, standing with her plump back to him as she shifted and adjusted the roses. She knew what was coming. It would be just another of David's outbursts about living up to one's position. He wanted a new house, he wanted three or four servants under foot, to replace their faithful general house worker; he wanted city firms to come and tell him what kind of furniture to have—as if she, Mary Strong, didn't know that the old Strong house and the furniture that had always been in it were the best any reasonable person could ask for.

David had wanted these things for years and had kept talking about them, but Mary hadn't paid much attention to him. She had just quietly announced that things were plenty good as they were.

No one in town had a more comfortable or better-run home than David Strong; no one had better cooked food; she left it to time to cure David of his newfangled notions. She had hoped the cure was working, for he hadn't voiced any of them for a long time. Now here they were again. Mary mentally rallied her old arguments. She was admittedly the best cook and best home maker in the region. What more could a man want?

David enlightened her, but not in the old way. He was not arguing this time; he was simply telling her his plans.

She stiffened under the quiet flow of his words. He was standing beside her now, and both pairs of eyes were unseeingly on the flowers fragrantly massed in a big bowl. Mary was giving them a few final touches. She had learned to arrange them well. God knows, she had done it often enough, David told himself in a fresh uprush of irritation over her persistent unconsciousness of the crisis they were facing.

"I've come to the conclusion that yo and I are never going to agree about the way we want to live," he said slowly. "That's not our fault. Each of us has a right to an opinion. It isn't fair, though, for either of us to force views on the other. We're both entitled to what we want, and we can afford to have it. Since we can't get it together, I've decided that we'll have it apart."

"What do you mean by that?"

Mary spoke with a sudden compression of the lips which always preceded the process she called "taking a stand." He ignored its menace.

"I mean that you can keep right on living here in the old house just as you've been doing, and that I'll go to Washington alone and set up there the kind of an establishment a man in my position ought to have, and run it according to my own ideas."

"You mean," Mary thought she was following him now, and she wrinkled her smooth brow to denote the effort—"you mean you don't want Ally and me to go to Washington with you when you go this fall?"

"That's what I mean." The pent-up bitterness in the man burst forth. "When I found I couldn't look for anything from you," he went on almost roughly, "I set my hopes on Ally. I gave her the best education money could buy, and I thought she'd share my ideas and bring you up to date. She didn't do it during her vacations, but I gave her plenty of rope. I hoped that when she graduated from college in June and came home for good she and I would have an understanding. I thought she'd back me. But she's come out of college the same sort she was when she went in. She's you all over again, and her mind isn't open to new ideas."

"There isn't a better girl in the countryside than Ally," said Ally's mother between tight jaws, "and you'd be doing better if you weren't finding fault with her."

"I'M NOT saying anything against Ally except that she isn't modern. She's you all over again—you with an education she doesn't appreciate. Instead of taking hold here, as I expected her to do, and bringing things up to date—a job that would appeal to any normal girl—she falls in love with one of my clerks, who's earning twelve hundred a year. Then she tells me she's going to marry him, and when I try to make her see reason she shuts her mouth and looks at me the way you've done for twenty-three years and I know what I'm up against. I'm not going to beat my head against the stubbornness and blindness of two women the rest of my life. I've had enough of it with one. So you and Ally and Henry Ward can spend your lives here together in the old house and have things exactly the way you want them. I'll make you a big allowance and you can live on in your pet rut and be happy."

"And you'll only be with us here at home when Congress ain't in session?"

David Strong looked at his wife with something like despair in his eyes. The creature didn't understand yet! She had spoken almost cheerfully, as if inwardly relieved by the removal of the prospect of Washington life that had threatened her. He let her have it straight.

"No, Mary, I won't be here at all," he said very quietly. "I want you to divorce me. You won't have any trouble. You can get the divorce on the ground of desertion. I'll attend to it for you."

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He had meant to say more, but he stopped and watched his wife. She did not speak. She merely sat down in the nearest chair, quiet but suddenly, as if her plump, active legs had given way under her. Then she looked at him, and he forced himself to meet the look as he stood facing her. The tableau held as their daughter Aileen opened the door. Struck by their expression and by some tension in the atmosphere, she hesitated on the threshold, glancing from one face to the other.

"Come in, Ally," her mother said in an oddly flat voice, and as the girl obeyed she added in the same tone, "Your pa wants I should divorce him." Mary Strong had learned something about directness from her husband.

Aileen closed the door quietly and crossed the floor to her mother's side, as if to show definitely where her sympathy lay. Standing there with a hand on the older woman's shoulder, she faced her father with a look so like Mary's that his resolution, slightly shaken by her entrance, hardened again.

"I expected it," she said quietly, though her voice shook. "I guess everyone in town has expected it but you, Mother. And since it was bound to come, I'm glad it's here."

She had spoken to her mother with her eyes on her father's face. Her next words were to him.

"Can you leave the house tonight, Father?"

"What?"

"Ally!"

The girl's parents had exclaimed together in unison, each revealing the same sense of shock, but their daughter went on steadily.

"Since it has to be, let's get it over," she said heavily. "He wouldn't want to stay after this, and we wouldn't want him." Again her eyes met her father's. "I want him to understand that this break with me is just as definite as it is with you, Mother. He's divorcing his daughter too. Of course you know that," she told her father.

He nodded, for an instant wordless. He had not known it. Indeed, he had hardly considered Ally in the matter.

"That," he said as coolly as she had spoken, "is for you to decide, of course. I can't say I'm surprised by the way you've done it."

"No," she said, "it isn't as if the situation had come suddenly. I've watched it coming for two years. I had plenty of time to make up my mind what I'd do."

David glanced at his wife. It wasn't like Mary to sit silent while a vital discussion went on. She was looking out at the old-fashioned garden lying just beyond the living-room windows, but it was clear she did not see the tangle of white roses, delphinium, foxglove and Canterbury bells stretching before her. As if conscious of his glance, her eyes returned to him.

"I want you should be happy, David," was all she said, but to the man the words held the quiet finality of realization and acceptance. He found he could not answer them.

"I'll be out of the house by six o'clock," he told Aileen and abruptly left them.

The little journey to his room seemed a long one, for he had suddenly realized that it would be his last. He looked around the wide old hall, with its softly faded Axminster carpet; at the fine old staircase up and down which three generations of Strongs had traveled. Through the screen doors which protected the front entrance of the house the perfume of the garden entered and filled his nostrils. It was doubtful if he'd ever again smell the perfume of old-fashioned flowers—especially of white roses—without recalling this moment.

HIS room had two large closets, one of which was his, and two large chests of drawers, one of which was his also. In them were his possessions, arranged, he knew, with Mary's exquisite order. The bed, a huge wide, solid mahogany affair with a headboard that reached halfway to the ceiling, he and Mary had occupied together—lying there night after night in a nearness that was, he had often reflected, *in ironic contrast* to the separation of their hearts and souls. Nevertheless he had continued to lie there, through the force of habit. He had suggested many times that he would use the connecting bedroom, but Mary had ignored the suggestions, as she had ignored so many others. . . .

He walked over to the bed. . . . It was to this room he had brought Mary the night of their marriage. . . . He impatiently shook his big head, with its thick hair, iron gray on the temples, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, walked over to the nearest window and stared out at the garden.

But Strong was not a man to turn from his purpose, nor was he conscious of a desire to do so. The past was dead, and dead things must be buried. He had been considering this break for many years. For the past two years he had spent most of his nights and week-ends at his club, as an intimation that it was coming. Now it was before him, and the sane thing was to have it over quickly.

He swung away from the window, swung up the steps leading to the attic, and swung down again with almost equal ease, a big empty trunk balanced on his broad shoulders. As he balanced it, however, he grimaced ironically over the knowledge that the picture he made would amuse some of his business associates. Half a dozen of them, whose incomes were not half what his was, were waited on hand and foot.

He thought a man who had made a big fortune should live up to it. Mary and Ally were always fetching and carrying for him—always running to anticipate his needs: but of course that wasn't the same thing.

He packed his trunk—he had never done that before—but of course he couldn't expect Mary or Ally to do it in these conditions. He would take with him just enough clothes and valued personal possessions to fill it. His career would lie in Washington. He'd have time for voyages to Europe too, and trips to California and Palm Beach. . . . He'd live the life other men in his position lived.

His trunk was packed now, and as he straightened after locking it he heard footsteps. His heart sank. Once started, he had packed with almost frantic haste, based on the sudden fear that Mary might come in for a final talk. Nothing could be gained by that, and his expression suggested as much as he looked toward the open door. But the footsteps were Ally's, not Mary's, and now he saw that his daughter was passing with no intention of entering. On an impulse he called to her, and she stopped.

"Come in a minute," he said, and as she hesitated he added peremptorily, "come in and sit down. I want to talk to you."

She obeyed, but with the look that was like Mary's—the look that always made him think of a shuttered house. He hadn't planned this interview, and now that it was upon him he hardly knew what to say, but he had an unexpected desire to make this only child of his grasp something of his point of view. He drew a chair close and sat down facing her, his big head a little forward, his big hands on his knees—a characteristic attitude of his when he was going into action. Any of his intimates would have recognized it. His daughter recognized it, and a sudden lump rose in her throat.

"Ally," he said, "you're only twenty-two, and I don't know yet what your education has done for you. But one thing I do know. It hasn't made you understand me any better than your mother does, and I guess you've never understood me less than you do right now. You're going to learn some things as you grow older, and the time may come when you do understand. If it ever does, I wish you'd write and tell me so."

AILEEN shook her fair, smooth head, with its simple twist of hair at the nape of the neck. No bob for her.

"I've always understood you," she said. "So has Mother. And we both understand you perfectly now."

Her words surprised him, but her tone surprised him more. All hardness and bitterness had gone from it. She was no longer angry, outraged, resentful. She was merely stunned and intensely depressed. In that moment he knew that she loved him. He did not know why he knew it now, but he did, and the conviction was final. He cleared his throat.

"You think you understand, Daughter, but I'm not sure you do. Tell me what you understand. Tell me how things look to you."

She shook her head again.

"Why?" she asked lifelessly. "It would only hurt you."

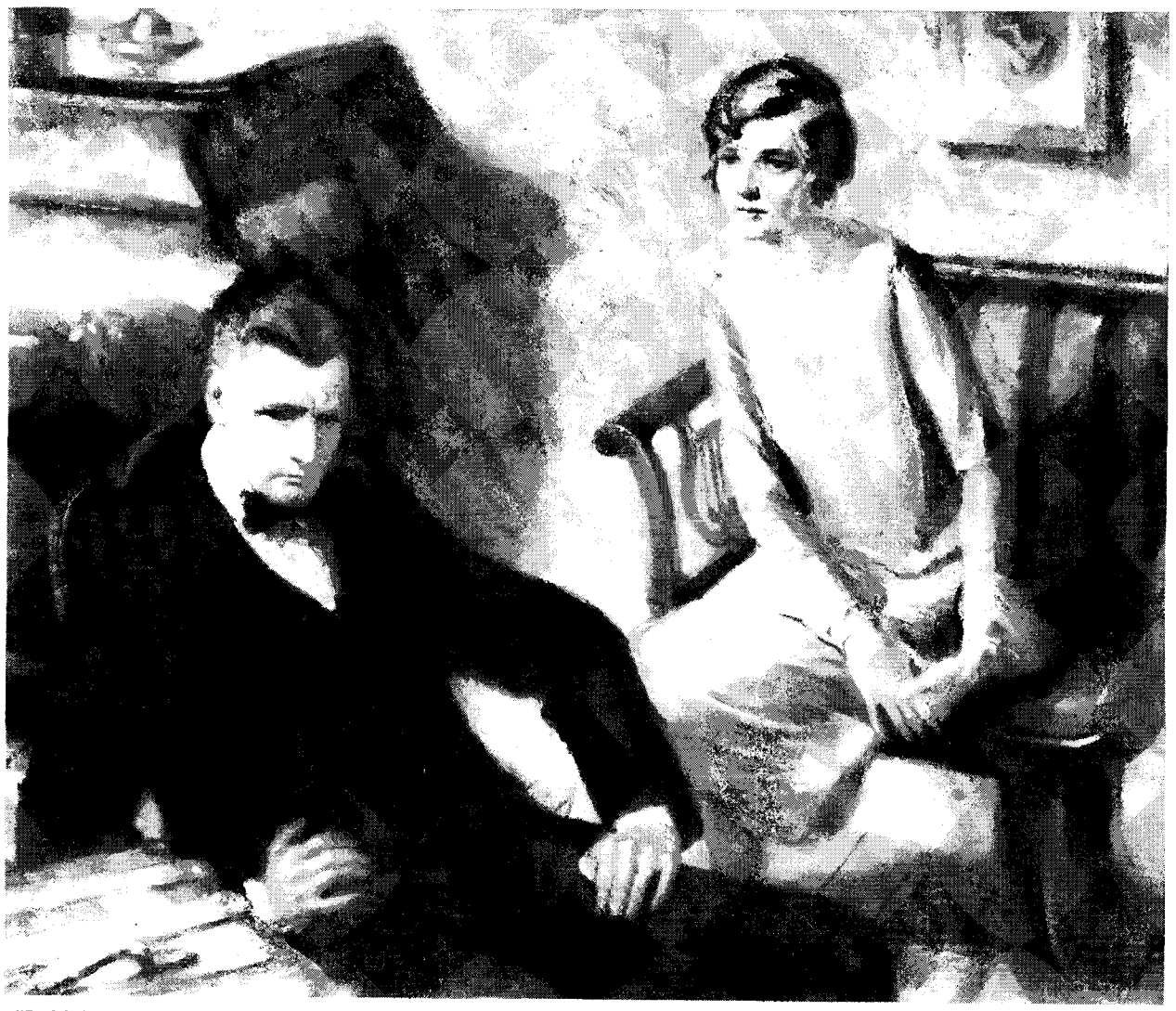
So it was to be an arraignment. It would be, of course. All right. He'd let her make it, and then he'd have his chance to answer it. That might clear the atmosphere.

"Never mind that. Go on," he said, and ended with an attempt at a smile. "I guess I can stand it."

"I know your side of it," she began unexpectedly, "just as well as I know Mother's—ours," she corrected herself. "I suppose only an outsider could get at the rights and wrongs of both sides, so I've tried to look at the whole question as if I'd been an outsider."

He nodded. "Well?"

"I think a fair-minded outsider, who knew all the (*Continued on page 38*)



"I think that some woman, a woman who doesn't care a rap about you, will some day marry you for your money"

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

A glory of red and gold stole over the lifeless reaches of naked earth, but the shepherd had eyes to see and a mind to think

X

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen and a half-breed, Malpass, having by various crooked means acquired the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other.

Virginia's father is determined that she marry Malpass. Malpass threatens to ruin her father if she refuses. Virginia decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff and he readily agrees, feeling that he will not live long and therefore will not be a burden to Virginia. They are really both very happy about the marriage for its own sake. However, they separate immediately after the secret ceremony though the news comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass.

Whereupon both young people are turned out of their homes because of the marriage. Cliff gets a job as a shepherd to Don Lopez and takes his sheep south to Guadaloupe Springs, where he greatly improves in health and spirit and hates to think of returning in the spring. The only news he has from home is of Virginia's departure to Colorado to visit a friend of hers and of the townspeople's sentiments against Malpass.

Virginia returns from Colorado, learns that Malpass is arranging to buy Don Lopez' sheep in order to turn Cliff out and buys them herself.

Her father, now a broken old man, tries to make peace with Virginia and they half make up.

Virginia then sends for a mining engineer to investigate the so-called silver mine from which Lundeen and Malpass are supposed to have made so much money. Virginia has suspicions of it and the engineer strengthens those suspicions. However, while they are at the mine, Malpass arrives, shoots Jarvis, the engineer, and makes a grab for Virginia.

NOW, at last, Malpass stood revealed in all his monstrous baseness. The very hideousness of him probably was the one thing alone which could have shocked her from horror into savage and hot hate, into the spirit of self-preservation that was the most powerful instinct in her.

"Malpass, you'll have to kill me!" she cried, her voice rising.

"No, by God!" he shot at her. "I'll treat you like a peon slave! . . . you'll never lift your face again! . . . Then I'll make your father believe this Jarvis did it—and *I* killed him—because of that!"

"*Insane monster!*" flamed Virginia, and then she screamed with all the power of her lungs—a piercing sound that rent the air.

As Malpass lunged she darted away from the table, but too late to escape him, for he caught the sleeve of her coat. Whirling out of the coat she left it in his grasp and ran for the door. She reached it too, and the porch, before he pounced upon her and dragged her back.

Virginia saved her breath. No use to scream again! If no one had heard the last, she could not hope another would bring succor. She had to fight for life and more than life. His intent and his soiling hands had made a frenzied woman of her, a tigress who would rend and tear.

But she eluded him. She got the stove between him and her. She preferred flight to fight, for she believed if she got out she could run away from him, at least down the road far enough to alarm the chauffeur.

Malpass kicked the stove down and leaped over it. He got her, but could not keep his hold. She left part of her waist in his grasp. She ran with him close after her, always between her and the door.

His reaching hand clutched her shoulder, checking her, dragging her off her balance. Then like a beast he had her again and a terrific struggle ensued. She was as strong as he, and actuated by a passion as great. She came out of that struggle with her upper clothing torn to shreds, her bare arms bleeding from scratches, her white shoulders blackened by his sweating, dust-begrimed hands.

"YOU—hell cat!" he hissed. "The more you fight—the more joy I'll get—out of you."

Virginia was past words. She was in the grip of something terrible. No fear of this beast! No more flight! She awaited his next attack, panting, disheveled, crouching, like a cornered tigress.

He came on, and as ever, his intent was to hold, to weaken, to master her and she beat and clawed at his face, and kicked.

But Malpass broke through this rain and closed with her. His arms folded her back on the table and his weight augmented his advantage.

Virginia did not surrender or lose her wits. She was momentarily at a disadvantage. She ceased her struggles. Then her assailant, with a hoarse utterance, fell to kissing her face. He thought she was beaten.

She took that vile unguarded moment to fasten both hands in his hair, and dragged with all the strength left her. Like a dog he howled. Her right hand, the stronger, came away full of hair. Then the table collapsed, letting them down, and breaking his hold. Virginia rolled out of his reach. She had heard the ring of the iron poker on the floor. If she could get her hand on that!

But as she bounded up Malpass grasped her leg, tripped her, pulled her down into his arms. It had been his weight, however, that had handicapped her. Without that he simply could not master her. The whistle of his breath told that he was more winded than she. Not for nothing had Virginia taken those long climbs in Colorado! She fought more fiercely and, while her arms were free, with tight pounding fists. Then when he got her head down under his arm, pressing her helpless, choking her, she opened her mouth and like a wolf at bay she fastened her teeth in it.

Cursing horribly he released her and she dropped to the floor. She rolled away. She felt the poker. Swift as light she snatched it. Leaped up! Malpass was on his knees. Bloody, bedraggled, dirty, holding the arm she had bitten, with distorted face expressing a fiend's defeat, with basilisk eyes betraying murder now, where before they had burned only with lust, he roused all that was virile and primal in Virginia.

SHE swung the poker. He ducked, but she hit him a glancing blow that rang off his skull. He toppled over with a thump that jarred the house.

Virginia heard other thumps. Heavy boots on the porch! In vain she tried to scream, but only a dry, thin sound issued from her lips.

A huge frame hurled itself into the room.

Lundeen! Like a black-maned lion he glared. Virginia staggered back. The wall stopped her. And with legs buckling she slid to the floor. Her sight almost failed.

"*God Almighty!*" thundered her father.

Virginia by supreme effort fought off faintness.

Lundeen stamped into the middle of the room. It appeared to the girl then that the squirming, groaning Jarvis halted her father. Jarvis was not dead.

"Who's this man?" boomed Lundeen, his great eyes popping half out of his

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head. "Virginia! . . . Malpass! . . . What the hell?"

Slowly Virginia gathered what force was left her. Deliverance had come, but the reaction of it gave her a deathly sickness, a sense that her flesh wanted to succumb and a consciousness that her spirit refused.

Malpass rose to his feet, a spectacle to make any observer blink. But he was not in as bad bodily shape as he looked. He moved easily, warily. He was thinking hard. Trapped, he still seemed to have latent power. His eyes narrowed to black daggers.

"Answer me," commanded Lundeen. "What's come off? Who shot this man?"

"I did," replied Malpass.

"He's dyin'. Why'd you do it?"

"I caught him trying to outrage Virginia."

"Huh?" ejaculated Lundeen, in blank stupidity.

Malpass repeated his assertion in stronger terms. Lundeen's jaw dropped as he stared at his partner, and then at Virginia.

"How come?" he asked, hoarsely.

Virginia bided her time. She would let Malpass have his say and then destroy him.

Malpass swallowed hard, and that part of his face not bloody or black showed ghastly white. He was at the end of his rope.

"I saw a car from town crossing the bench below," he said, hurriedly. "I jumped my horse and rode up here. . . . Found Virginia wrestling with this man. Think he'd got the best of her! . . . He—he beat me up before I could pull my gun, but finally I shot him."

SUDDENLY Jarvis sat up quickly as if propelled, like a corpse revived to life, his eyes awful to behold.

"He lies." The gasping voice was just distinguishable. "I caught him—assaulting her." He fell back and seemed to expire.

"Crazed by a bullet," said Malpass, through ashen lips. "I've seen men act like that."

"More'n crazy heah," muttered Lundeen, gropingly. The fact that he stepped so as to place his bulk before the door attested to the gradual trend of his thought.

"I tell you that's what happened," went on Malpass, sharply. "I'm all bunged up. . . . I want to get out of here—to a doctor."

He made as if to pass Lundeen, but was thrust violently backward.

"Stand back!" roared Lundeen. "Are you shore it's a doctor you need?"

"Lundeen, you'll cross me for the last time," returned Malpass, with threat in tone and mien.

"If I do, you can bet it will be the last time! Malpass, this heah deal looks queer. Keep your loud mouth shut or I'll knock your white teeth down your throat."

Malpass sank against the wall, quivering all over.

"Daughter, come heah," went on Lundeen.

"Dad, I can't. I'm too weak. And I'm torn to pieces."

"Ahuh. So I see. Wal, you're able to talk.... Are you hurt—the way he said?"

"No. He lied. I'm beaten and bruised but I'm all right otherwise."

"Who stripped you half naked—an' blackened an' bloodied you up this heah way?"

"Señor Malpass," declared Virginia, ringingly. She saw her father's huge form swell, but he kept himself well in hand.

"How come?"

"Dad, last summer my cowboy Jake found signs of a salted mine here," replied Virginia, swiftly flowing to this denunciation she had prayed for. "When I went to Denver I consulted a mining engineer, an expert. Mr. Jarvis. . . . Oh, I fear I've been his death. . . . Upon my return I wired for him. This morning he arrived. We drove out at once. Left the car below. We—"

"All a damned lie," interrupted Malpass, wildly.

Lundeen made a threatening gesture. "If you don't shut up I'll fix you so you won't heah nothin'. Didn't you have your say? Let her have hers."

VIRGINIA rushed on: "We climbed up here. Mr. Jarvis went to investigate the mine while I waited. . . . Presently Malpass rode up. He came in. He was astonished and scared. He had reason to be. I refused to answer his questions. He grew furious—tried to choke me into explaining. . . . Then Mr. Jarvis came back—caught Malpass mauling me—knocked him down. . . . He told Malpass the mine had been planted. That every grain of gold coming out of there had been planted before. The clumsiest cheat Jarvis had ever seen. . . . Then Malpass shot him! . . . After that he tried to frighten me into lying to protect him.

"Then, Dad, on my honor, Malpass swore he'd degrade me—blame it on to Jarvis—give that as an excuse for shooting him. . . . Then we fought. Oh, I fought him. I wasn't afraid of him. He would have had to kill me. . . . But, Dad, he couldn't master me. . . . He gave up that. . . . He meant more murder. . . . I hit—him—with—the poker! . . . And then—you came."

Lundeen gradually crouched, as a huge cat that meant to spring. His bushy hair rose upon his head. His arms lifted and bowed—his large hands crooked like claws.

"You—*planted—that—mine!*" he bellowed in slow-swelling, awful voice. "*You manhandled my daughter!*"

"Yes, and I'll plant you!" Malpass thrust out the gun. It was steady. He had accepted the issue. There was only one way out. And the little gun began to crack—crack—crack spitefully.

But the bullets, though staggering Lundeen, did not stop him. Like a bull, lowering and blood-lustful, he plunged on. Malpass shot again, missing for the very reason that he aimed at Lundeen's head. One sweep of Lundeen's giant arm sent him spinning. But up he sprang, cat-like, to fire again. This bullet rang off Lundeen's skull to thud into the ceiling.

Virginia's ears filled with her father's mad roar. She saw him sway, beating the air, and fall with a crash. Malpass stepped over his body toward the door. Then Lundeen kicked with terrific force, knocking Malpass' legs from under him, and when he struck the floor the gun went flying across the room. Lundeen hunched himself with spasmodic full-length hops toward the gun, but Malpass beat him to it. And he shot again as Lundeen half rose to clutch his arm. There came a snapping of bones—an awful cry of agony.

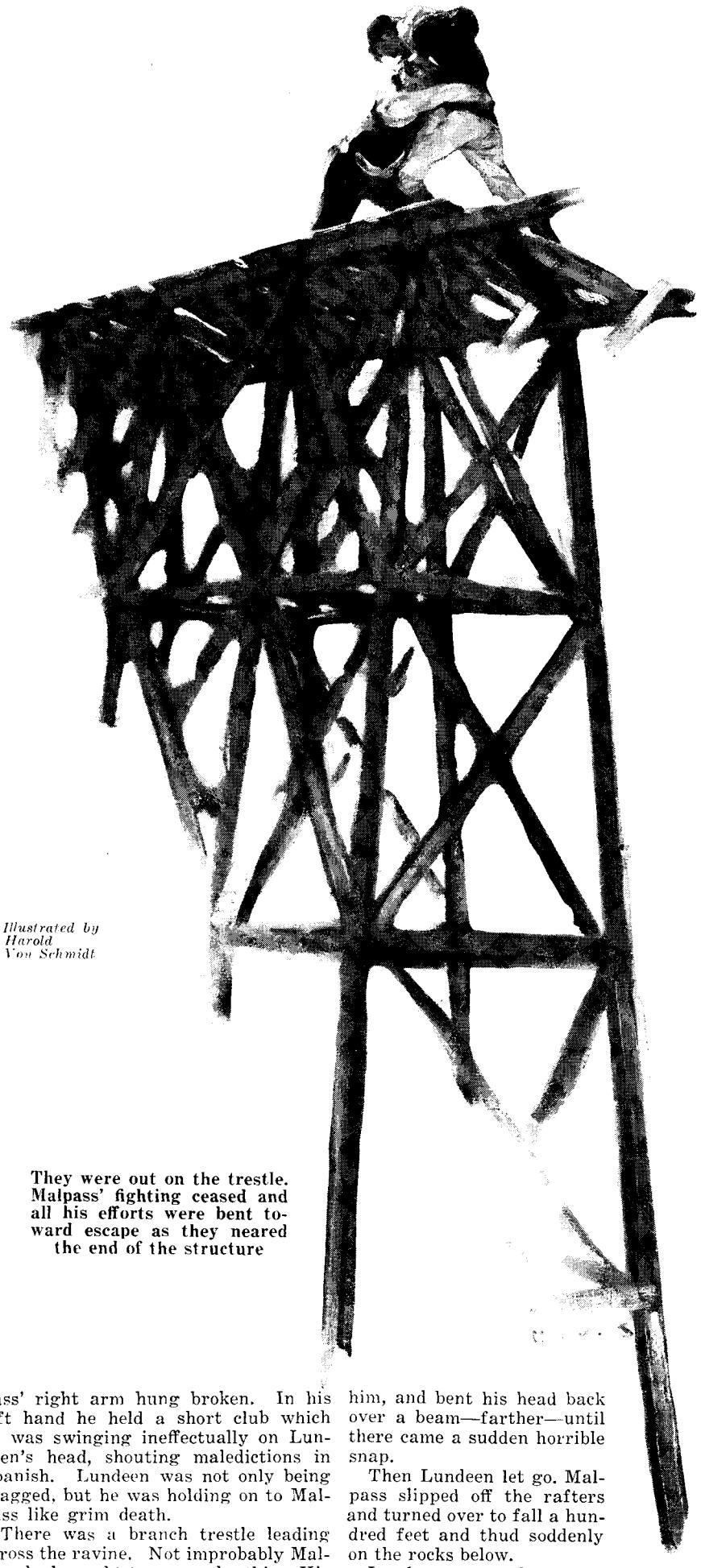
CONSCIOUSNESS gradually faded from Virginia. But though her sight was dark that horror filled her ears and beat upon her brain, until she fainted.

When she came to, the combatants were gone from the room. Jarvis lay with suggestive limpness. What had happened? She was too weak to rise. Had it all been a fearful nightmare? No—there was the man who had befriended her, prone on the floor.

From outside came sounds of scuffling—then again her father's roar, hoarser now, strangling in his throat.

Virginia crawled across the room and out on the porch, and fell flat as if she had been deprived of movement. Yet she could still see what had paralyzed her.

They were out on the trestle. Malpass' right arm hung broken. In his left hand he held a short club which he was swinging ineffectually on Lundeen's head, shouting maledictions in Spanish. Lundeen was not only being dragged, but he was holding on to Malpass like grim death.



Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

They were out on the trestle. Malpass' fighting ceased and all his efforts were bent toward escape as they neared the end of the structure

There was a branch trestle leading across the ravine. Not improbably Malpass had sought to escape by this. His struggles indicated that. When he reached it, however, he could not shake Lundeen off. He beat frantically, weakly with the club, until it bounced off Lundeen's head and flew out of his hand.

Then they wrestled and fought all the way to the tottering end of the trestle. It was broken there. The floor consisted of a few beams on rickety poles. It shook and rattled under them.

Malpass' fighting ceased and all his efforts bent toward escape. His shrill wild cries attested to the doom he realized. Lundeen dragged him down, like a wolf at a crippled deer, on the swaying verge of the trestle. He knelt on him, and bent his head back over a beam—farther—until there came a sudden horrible snap.

Then Lundeen let go. Malpass slipped off the rafters and turned over to fall a hundred feet and thud soddenly on the rocks below.

Lundeen peered down. His shaggy head bowed, his broad shoulders sagged and sank, and his legs flopped over the beam that sustained them. He slipped and it appeared he would follow his adversary. But the weight of his upper body held him there.

Virginia got to her knees—then to her feet. Yes—he still hung there. How long had she watched? She held desperately to the porch post. They had destroyed one another. Awful retribution! She must keep on her feet—think of something to do. A gray cloud filmed her eyes—cleared away. There was an icy gnawing at the pit of her stomach. She could not unrivet

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her gaze from that still form on the trestle, hanging limp.

A groan freed her—quickened her. Jarvis must still be alive. She staggered back into the house—to the prostrate form—knelt beside it. He was living—conscious. He knew her. His lips moved, but no sound came. His life might yet be saved.

She picked up her coat, and putting it on, started out, needing the support of wall and door, and the porch posts. Leaving them for the open road she fell, but got up again.

She was crawling again, dragging herself round a bend in the road, when the chauffeur's cry roused her failing senses.

"My heavens, miss, what's happened?"

"Murder!—But I'm all right," she whispered. "Go quick. . . . Up the road. . . . Take water—whisky if you have it. . . . The last—house—door open—one man—still alive—"

Then she slipped into darkness.

IT WAS a rare and remarkable phenomenon of nature that definitely decided Clifton Forrest to spend his life on the desert.

At least this singular experience had clinched the matter. The process by which he had developed to such decision had been a long and gradual one, covering an extraordinary range of consciousness, from supreme agony of body to supreme ecstasy of soul. But it was the sight of a comet or bursting falling star that at last won him forever to the desert and the lonely, free life of a shepherd.

The incident happened on the night of the thirty-sixth day—according to Julio's count—of their return trip from Guadaloupe Valley. Spring had come to the higher range, for this was in late April. They had reached the one dangerous stretch for sheep on all the long trail—a twelve-mile arid belt of lava, rock and cactus, with only one waterhole, and that situated about halfway.

Clifton and Julio had arrived there at sundown, after a continuous drive on a day as hot as any in summer.

There had been no grazing that day, and for this reason the sheep were difficult to move. They bleated incessantly. The lambs also slowed the day's journey. They tired early, and when they reached the end of this most trying link of the whole long chain of days it was not a moment too soon.

The thirsty parched sheep baa-baaed and drank; the lambs tumbled into the water. Then many rested while the others went to grazing. The place was a wide hollow in black lava, through which a stream ran during the rains, and in dry weather clear pools remained in the deeper holes. The region was infested with coyotes, foxes, and wildcats, which collected around a waterhole because of easy prey. There would be no sleep for the shepherds and their dogs that night.

After supper Clifton had taken one side of the wide wash and Julio the other. The dogs were down among the sheep.

Clifton's beat was a high wall of black lava, rough and difficult to walk over. He had to keep going all the time and maintain a vigilant lookout. A mile or more to the eastward this hollow closed and here under the cliff there was always water, even during the *ano seco* of the Mexicans. Westward the hollow spread out into the bleak bare desert. Here was the greatest danger of losing sheep at night, because the opening was wide and rough.

Clifton perched on a high section of the broken wall. Julio was down among the flock with his dogs. Clifton could see the slight dark figure moving to and fro, seldom resting. He had learned to love Julio. The lad was honest, simple, true; he loved the sheep and he loved the life.

The night or the hour seemed portentous. There was no wind, yet Clifton heard a faint moan out of any direction to which he turned a keen ear.

Suddenly Clifton became aware that the darkness was lessening. It amazed him. There was no moon. The clouds had not moved away across the sky to leave it open. Yet there was light all around. He heard Julio cry out to his saints.

Then came a sound like the low rush of wind in high grass. It increased. So did the light. Clifton whirled to see the approach of a comet or a falling star. He sat transfixed, with all functions but that of sight in abeyance.

How inconceivably swift its flight, its brightening radiance, its strange increasing roar! All in a second the desert became whiter than a noon of the clearest day. The rushing body crackled like particles of dry splintering ice. It passed by, a blue-white streak like the air-blown molten iron in a blast furnace, leaving a diminishing tail as long as the distance it had come. Suddenly it exploded into immense blue-white stars that fell, faded, vanished. The long tail, like that left by a rocket, lived for a moment, and then paled and died.

It was when Clifton recovered from this spectacle that his decision to remain on the desert crystallized.

After the decision came his brooding, pondering thought. The desert had made him a thinker. Solitude and loneliness inspired the mind. Cities, people, noise were inimical to the harvest of quiet thinking.

From midnight to dawn Clifton thought—of his boyhood, his early family life, his school days, his brief college career with its misadventure, the war. Of his travail, his love of mother, father, Virginia, and his flight for their sake, of catastrophe—and then the desert!

The desert and its thousandfold mysteries had been his salvation. He could never become a normal member of society as the thing was taught in school and business, and harangued from pulpits, from benches and editors' chairs.

He needed to sit down alone with the elements. What he had gone through had left no bitterness now, no hate, no unrest, no scorn for the selfish, the ignorant, the brutal. He had seen behind a veil, caught just a glimpse of the infinite from which man had come and where he must go.

Clifton watched the gray dawn lighten. A rose bloomed over the eastern ramparts of the desert. Wisps of clouds grew shell-pink and burned to silver. Then a glory of red and gold stole over the lifeless reaches of the naked earth. He had eyes to see and a mind to think. And there the sheep bleated and the wide trail wound away. When he slid down from his perch he was whistling. It was good to be grateful, to have chosen irrevocably.

ON THE march northward that day he saw Old Baldy stick a white, round dome up over the rim of the world. It had the unreality of a mirage—the illusion that it seemed soon attainable. But for days the strange blue medium between Clifton and the peak that loomed over his home remained the same. It was distance on the desert, and it had never deceived him.

The closer Clifton came to San Luis the more proof he had of his tranquillity. Far back along the sheep herders' trail he had left that phantom of himself—the frail, suffering, tormented past. He had rebuilt his soul on the rocks of the desert.

About the first of May the shepherds reached their permanent camp on the range behind Don Lopez's ranch, a few miles back of San Luis.

Julio had missed count of days, so that Clifton could only guess at the date. However, the cottonwoods said it was spring on the uplands and summer below. Clifton found cactus blooming and bunches of daisies. The sage appeared gray and forlorn after the long winter.

The summer range for Lopez's sheep consisted of valleys and ridges as far from Sycamore as the herders could graze the flock and get back the same day. Since the decline and almost total failure of cattle this range had been a boon to sheepmen. There had been snow during the winter, and the grass was coming out fresh and green.

Sycamore was the name of the camp at the head of one of the large bottle-necked valleys characteristic of this region. Water flowed from a narrow gorge. A few distorted old sycamore trees gave the spot its name.

The sheep knew they were home. Almost they rolled in the green grass.

Clifton liked the place well. Years before, with boys from town, he had come here to shoot rabbits. Cottontails were more plentiful now than then, which was owing to the depletion of foxes and coyotes.

It was in Clifton's mind to start a flock of his own, however small it might be. Lopez, after the manner of sheepmen, would sell that fall. Clifton had seven months' pay coming, which, little as it was, would purchase a few sheep. He laughed at his wardrobe, which was on his back, a patchwork of his own mending. He would require a new outfit, for Sycamore was far removed from Guadaloupe. It would be fun, however, to let his mother—and anyone else, for that matter—see him in his present shepherd's garb.

Julio went singing away across the valley, taking the trail to San Luis. He was to stop at the ranch and report to Lopez, then go on to San Luis to see his people and return with supplies.

Clifton remained with the sheep. They had made Sycamore early in the afternoon, and Clifton, meaning this camp to be his home during the summer, pitched his tent with an idea of permanence. Up the gorge there was abundance of cedar brush, some of which he cut for his bed. He built a fireplace, and packed down a quantity of wood. His tasks this day, however, were broken by desultory spells, in which he gazed partly over the hill. Three miles from San Luis—five from home—six from Cottonwoods! Incredible! He could not keep from wondering, longing, hoping.

All afternoon he alternated between long periods of labor and short ones of idle speculation. But the sum of his work resulted in a most comfortable, picturesque camp.

Sunset and evening star! Always different, always the same! He ate supper beside his lonely camp fire. Always the sheep herder would be lonely, no matter where. The lambs were bleating, the dogs were quiet. All was well with the flock. And with him.

He went to bed early. The next morning while he ate breakfast, which was an apology for a meal, and later than usual that morning, the dogs set up a clamorous barking, so unusual that it startled him.

He espied Don Lopez riding across the green flat towards his camp. Then a rush of blood throbbed to Clifton's temples, which, slowly receding, left him cold. He had been absent seven months. A long time in the life of elderly people! Fateful and mutable lapse of days for a girl in her twenties!

"Don Lopez!" he murmured, gladly, yet with reluctance. "He will tell me everything—if only I can understand him!"

THE selfsame hour that Clifton Forrest arrived at Sycamore that golden early May day, Virginia rushed out of the house possessed by she knew not what. Indeed she had been possessed ever since she had taken up her abode in the old home where as a girl she had played and wept and dreamed her girlhood away.

She could not stay indoors, despite the work that had fallen to her hands. The day was gorgeous, lovely, like one of the amber-tinted, white-cloud-pagcanted June (*Continued on page 40*)

Old Sniff

A dog story—and a very human one, besides. It may make you shed a tear or two, but you won't mind that, for the author of this comedy knows the art of making tears delightful.

PETER B. KYNE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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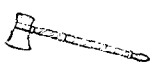
Big Foot Wallace

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by Will Crawford

Upon meeting a warrior Big Foot just let 'er go right from the hip



His hands were hams. His arms were derricks. He buried his dead in heaps. Everything, in fact, about William Alexander Andrew Wallace was on a large scale, except his feet. Yet folks called him—but let Owen White tell you how this gunman of Texas won his nickname. . . .

"Don't bother me, Cap; I been looking for one of them fellers big enough so's I could wear his pants"

"FINE spectacle, now, ain't I!" After weeks in bed, laid up with some kind of fever—he called it the cholry—Big Foot Wallace gazed disgustedly at himself in a scrap of looking glass. "By gum," he went on, "slick as a billiard ball, same as if I'd been skelped by the Comanches. Sweet-lookin' bridegroom I'll make. Hell!"

And thereafter, without even calling upon the young lady who had agreed to become Mrs. Wallace, the bashful Big Foot sloped miserably off into the wilderness to grow hair. On Mount Bonnell, eleven miles from Austin, Tex., he found a cave, found a bear in it, finished the bear, fumigated the cave and moved in. He stayed there for weeks. Three times every day he copiously anointed his head with bear grease. There were plenty of bears. When one ran out he sallied forth and got another, and finally his patience was rewarded.

A soft down, resembling baby chick feathers, began to appear on Big Foot's cranium, and he began to fear that he was turning into a fowl. But he wasn't. The down disappeared, real hair started to sprout, so did hope in the heart of the lovelorn—and just at this time a friend dropped in to say that the girl for whom Big Foot had endured this hirsute hermitage had up and married another feller.

The Complete Misogynist

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled," said Big Foot. "Dern women anyhow! Dern 'em all!" And, just to prove that he meant it, Mr. Wallace lived to the ripe old age of ninety-something, never married and never, so he said, even came near kissing a woman, except once, in Mexico City, when he bit a chunk out of the neck of an old squaw who was making faces at him when he was handcuffed.

Everything about Big Foot except his feet was colossal. His unexpurgated name was William Alexander Andrew Wallace. When he was born in Lexington, Va., on April 3, 1817, he weighed in for the battle of life at exactly 13 pounds; and when he grew up, and was really ready to tackle the job, he spun the needle around to the two-forty mark, stood 6 feet 5 in his moccasins, and had a reach, over all, of 6 feet 6 inches.

Big Foot was a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, that doughty Scot whose notorious inability to resist the impulse to slaughter Englishmen made the reign of Edward I of England so exhilarating. Sir William, as everyone knows, got so carried away with his hobby that he lost his head over it. He lost it completely. It was daintily chopped off for him in the Tower of London on August 23, 1305. But it is not at all unlikely that the exuberant Scot would have died happy if he could only have known that in the centuries to come other members of his tribe would shed their blood to water two trees of liberty which were to spring up in a then unknown world.

For that is exactly what happened. Several of the Wallace boys died with their boots on fighting in the American Revolution. Two others, one a cousin and the other a brother of Big Foot's, were killed in the massacre of Goliad, one of the bloodiest of the many bloody events that characterized the Texan war for independence.

This last-mentioned calamity riled our nineteen-year-old mammoth beyond endurance when he heard about it back in Virginia. He swore vengeance on all Mexicans and headed south.

It was a long, hard journey, the monotony of which was broken only once. That was in New Orleans, where he stopped over, had a fracas with a couple of citizens, pitched one of them through a screen into a big open fire, and with a huge jackknife whittled his trademark on the breast of the other.

Thereafter, with a flock of deputy sheriffs in his rear to urge him onward, he hurried to Texas. When he arrived the Texan war was over; the republic was a going concern.

He tried to farm, in the neighborhood of Bastrop—but in common with the rest of the settlers Big Foot at once found out that the hair-raising proclivities of the red men made corn raising an impossibility. In order to till, the men of Texas first had to kill.

Big Foot went out with them on many scouts, participated in many battles, bumped off many Indians and acquired much knowledge concerning them. For example, take razor strops.

Hunting for a Living

"The best strops in the world," said Big Foot, "can be made from strips of hide two inches wide and fourteen inches long, carefully removed from the backs of dead Comanches and properly tanned."

Big Foot made up his mind that the easiest way to make a living was to go out and hunt for it. And as hunters were scarce—because most men didn't want to wander out into the wilderness to risk their scalps for a side of deer meat—there was little competition. The young man made a lot of money. Enough, at any rate, almost to get him into difficulty.

Seventy dollars a week, in those days, was sufficient to make any man desirable in the eyes of a designing female: and so, as we have already seen, Big Foot got tangled up in a love affair. However, as we also know, he came out of it unencumbered with a wife, but in other respects he wasn't so lucky. Before leaving his hermitage he ran into an adventure the record of which remained with him forever.

One day, on his way back to his cavern, traveling along a narrow game trail, he turned the point of a cliff and ran head on into an Indian warrior. The warrior said "Huh" and raised his tomahawk. Big Foot didn't raise anything. He didn't have time. He just squeezed down on the trigger of his old flintlock, let 'er go right from the hip: and then, not knowing how many more redskins might be behind the first one, he turned and ran.

He went to Austin, casually mentioned the killing of the Indian to a few friends and the next day led a party to the scene of it. They didn't find the dead Indian—his corpse had been carried away by his co-workers in deviltry—but they did find something else.

It was amazing. There in the sand, close to where the deceased had lain, were the most gigantic footprints these Texans had ever seen. From stem to stern the huge moccasin tracks measured 16 inches, and they were proportionately impressive as to beam. No sooner did Big Foot gaze upon them than ambition awoke in his soul. He must have that pair of sandals!

In order to get them, though, he first had to "get" the owner. So he immediately took the trail.

Several times he came within sight of his intended victim, but the Indian, a huge Lipan, who stood 6 feet 8 inches in height, was always either too far away to make a single shot certain or else too near and too closely surrounded by six warriors.

Finally Big Foot gave up the chase temporarily and went back to Austin. And within a week or two the big Lipan Indian came to Austin!

He came at night, robbed a settler's house and, with his booty, made tracks directly to the door of the shack in which Big Foot lived!

The settler followed the trail to Big Foot's door. And demanded that Big Foot allow himself to be arrested for larceny.

"Not me," said Wallace. "What makes you think I done it?"

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The man pointed to the tracks, and Wallace laughed. He stepped out and planted his two diminutive feet in the vast immensity of two of the accusing tracks. Right there the case against Wallace sagged down and broke in the middle, but the name stuck. From that time on, henceforth and forever, he was known as "Big Foot."

During the few months that followed the big Lipan and his industrious boys managed to kill and scalp some forty-odd settlers in and around Austin.

A Young Squaw to the Rescue

Scouting alone, and trying to get signs of his enemy, yet leave behind no tracks of his own, Wallace suddenly realized that he had very quietly and without invitation inserted himself into the exact center of a select circle of savages. It was an embarrassing social situation. How he could have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette the Virginian didn't know, but there he was!

The chief of the Comanche band stepped out from behind his personal tree and motioned to the white man to follow. Big Foot followed—had to.

At the Indian camp he listened to various and unique happy ways of getting rid of him—and then something happened—a warm feeling began to play around the heart of a young squaw. She was a child of nature; she yielded to its urge; she rose, walked over to the chiefs in council, stated her case, overruled all the nays, turned to Big Foot, extended her hand and—led him to her wigwam!

After enduring or possibly enjoying this kind of "captivity" for two weeks the ungrateful Big Foot managed to escape. When we next see him in action he is engaged as a member of Jack Hays' celebrated ranger detachment in constructively destroying not only bad Indians but renegade white men as well.

As a Texas ranger Big Foot Wallace soon made his mark—many marks. But there was something about his happy-go-lucky disposition that gave his bullets a different flavor—they said men killed by him died cheerful.

Even the Mexicans learned to like him. This, however, was an entirely one-sided sentiment. He still longed to avenge the death of his brother; he was still sore that Texas had made peace before he got there to enjoy himself, and hence when a new international rumpus arose which rendered it necessary once again to attempt to exterminate the inventors of the hot tamale the young man emitted a whoop of delight.

*General Woll, a French-born Mexi*can, in 1842, at the head of about 1,500 soldiers, reinvaded Texas and recaptured San Antonio. It was a bloodless event. But from a rendezvous near Seguin Major Hays sent out a hurry call to the settlers to assemble and repel the invaders.

Hays led his detachment to a point within about five miles of the encampment of the Mexican troops, concealed them carefully and then resorted to Indian strategy. Taking a few picked men with him, the ranger leader approached the enemy and made a demonstration to draw Woll out. The ruse was successful. The Franco-Mexican responded with a rush and brought everything he had with him. Cavalry, infantry and artillery charged forth in pursuit of the handful of Texans; they were led straight on into a neatly prepared ambush, and right then and there Big Foot Wallace began to satisfy his appetite for revenge.

The Mexicans lost about 300 men. In the retreat that followed, from San Antonio to the Rio Grande, they lost nearly as many more.

The old-time Texans were strong for propriety. Having been formally called upon by their neighbors from across the creek, they felt socially obliged to return the visit. Big Foot was especially anxious to do the right thing and literally jumped at the chance to sign up with a bunch of 260 other belligerents who wanted to pay their respects to *their sister republic.*

They marched down the Rio Grande, crossed the river at the Mexican town of Mier, and shortly after nightfall on Christmas Eve, 1842, started to enter the place. Just at the edge of the town, jogging along toward the rest of the column, Big Foot Wallace heard the crack of a rifle; a bullet fanned his cheek; a groan came from behind him. He looked back; Jones, one of the Texans, had slipped from his horse, dead. And in that instant hell broke loose.

From the houses on both sides of the road out swarmed the Mexicans, intent on stripping the body of the fallen enemy; while, equally intent on preventing it, Big Foot and two or three other men slid from their horses. Right there one of the unchronicled battles of history took place. It was grim, gory and gratifying. When Big Foot and his companions at last wiped their bowie knives on their shirt fronts and hurried along to the town plaza, they left Jones honorably buried beneath the bodies of 20 slain Mexicans.

A Break for Liberty

At the head of the column, though, Big Foot and his companions found tne rest of the command fighting from within the houses about the plaza, where were parked a number of small but industrious cannon. Yet in 48 hours the Texans killed more than 600 Mexicans in the streets of Mier, and then, when 2,000 fresh troops arrived to reënforce the enemy, they surrendered.

Chained together and marching along in single file, some 200 Texans who had started out to capture the Republic of Mexico now started on foot from Mier to the "juzcado" (pronounced hoosegow) at Salado.

After being in prison for a week they made a break for liberty. Barehanded they assaulted the guards and wrested their arms from them. Big Foot secured a rifle, but as it was not loaded he threw most of it away. All but the bayonet. That part he kept and with it did noble work until he was told by Captain Cameron not to stick 'em any more but just to hit 'em over the head with it.

The Futile Escape

In this jail delivery 193 Texans escaped and almost immediately found themselves inextricably lost in the wilderness of a hostile country without food and without water.

Big Foot had a mule, once the prize property of a Mexican officer. They killed the mule, and that helped out, but for five days they were without water. They collapsed on a sand hill. When they opened their eyes a Mexican cavalryman was sprinkling water, which he had brought from a water hole less than 150 yards away, in their faces.

Within a week or two 176 of the escaped Texans had been rounded up and reconducted to Salado, where, for their exclusive benefit, the Mexican Government, which has always controlled gambling within its borders, inaugurated the most celebrated lottery known to border history: 176 beans, 17 of which were black, were put into a jar which was passed down the line. With his free hand, because his other was cuffed to a long chain, each man drew, and when it was over 17 men faced the firing squad.

Big Foot, however, was not one of the 17.

"No, sir," he said; "that was one time when I warn't lookin' for no distinction. When I drawed I just shoved my hand in, grabbed a couple of beans, felt to see which one was the biggest, and kept the other one. It was white, and I was damn' glad of it."

In the dungeons of Perote the men grew so desperate for food that they ate rats, and 40 of the prisoners died. Big Foot himself went crazy, was tied down for weeks, but finally came out of it, and in August, 1845, he and three other men, through the intercession of influential friends, were given their liberty. A short time later all the Texans, at the request of Santa Anna's wife, were released.

Having made their way on foot to Vera Cruz, Big Foot and his three companions secured passage on a leaky ship, were taken down with yellow fever —but were unable to lay off from the pumps long enough really to enjoy it—and finally landed at New Orleans where Señor Wallace at once got a job as a peace officer.

Policing, in those days in New Orleans, must have been good. In two weeks Big Foot cleaned up $800 at it. Then, happening to run into the man upon whom he had carved his initials in 1837, and not wanting to have a run-in with the law, he beat it for Texas.

He went down on the Medina River, built a shack and in the next 12 months had enough excitement to last an ordinary man a lifetime. During that brief period he killed 142 grown panthers—out in Arizona they call them lions. Indians were relatively unimportant, so he kept no record of his redskin bag.

Once, though, to save his scalp, he bagged two redskins and ran a total of six miles from the other four.

But he never liked to tell that story. He said it sounded too much like bragging for him to say that he was able to run six miles.

Big Foot Misses the Fun

In 1850 he took a contract to drive a stage and carry mail and passengers, if any, across the 600 miles of Apache-infested wilderness that separated El Paso from San Antonio. On almost his first westbound trip one of his guards got a fatal arrow clean through him.

Apaches got away with every head of stock in his outfit. Leaving his men to guard the mail and the stage, Big Foot walked alone back over the trail to El Paso, got a new lot of mules and arrived at San Antonio only a week late.

On another occasion, while the boys were eating their noonday lunch under the bluff at Devil's River, they were struck by a hailstorm of arrows and bullets. There was not an enemy in sight.

"Take it easy, boys!" said Big Foot. "They'll charge." After an hour they did, and most of them didn't live to regret it.

In the two years that he stayed on the job Big Foot never failed eventually to arrive. Once he had to detour, 'way down into Old Mexico, which necessitated his crossing the Rio Grande twice and violating all kinds of international law.

Then he met the trail of an old friend. There it was in the wet sand. There wasn't another one like it in the world. Big Foot hadn't seen that footprint for 10 years, but he knew it instantly. It was that of the big Lipan.

Big Foot hid his stock, and told his pal, Westfall: "When he gets all the stuff out o' this country—an' he'll do it sure as hell's hot—you can go and get my mules to chase him on. But look a-here, Westfall, if you kill him I want them moccasins."

As the obligation of delivering U. S. mail rested heavily upon his shoulders, Big Foot missed the fun. The Lipan stole everything on four feet—except Big Foot's mules—but Westfall got him.

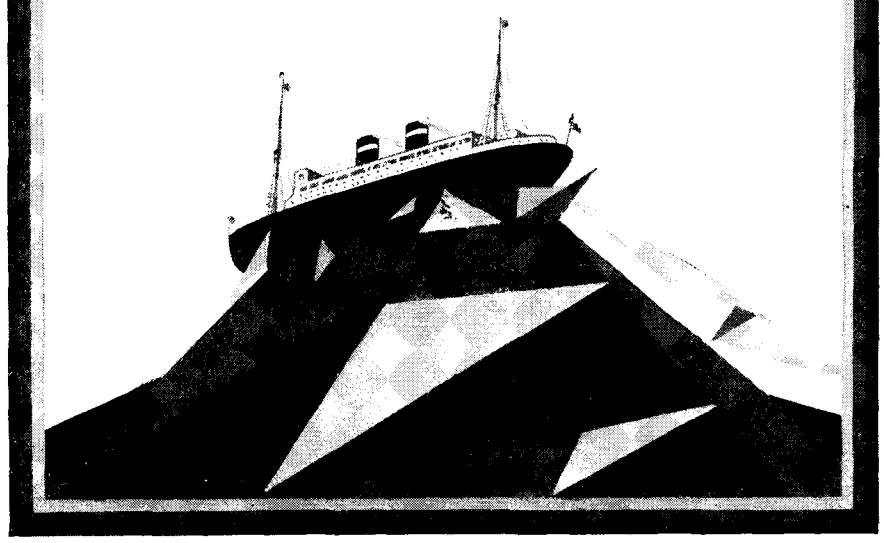
Big Foot Wallace never got the moccasins. Westfall sent them on to him to San Antonio, where, before he got back from the El Paso trip, they fell into the hands of a souvenir hunter. Until he was past 90 Big Foot hunted the hunter, but as the trail led him into the highways and byways of civilization he had no luck.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

AT SEA

The good ship Delkirk sails next week and before she docks, three weeks hence, you will have been piloted through the mazes of a first-cabin mystery story

By William O'Brien



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Not in the Rules By Grantland Rice

What's wrong with football? Practically nothing, say the millions of fans. But it can be a more interesting game and Mr. Rice tells how in this article

Football, despite its weaknesses, tolerates no competitors for popularity and gate receipts

FOOTBALL this past season moved on to a greater national interest than it has ever known, and yet in spite of the nation-wide frenzy to pack all the bowls and the stadiums the game again showed any number of important weaknesses that seem to be beyond correction.

It might be argued that no game could have any important weakness when 20 or 30 millions are willing to pay for the privilege of being spectators. But after all football was not started to please the spectators. It was supposed to be for the players, who get the hammering and battering.

There is no question about the increasing hold football has on the American public. A heavyweight championship—with another Dempsey—might draw as much as some big football game. But there is no game even close to the average drawing power of the gridiron. Notre Dame and the Navy played to 122,000 at Soldier Field just after both had been beaten. No title or championship was at stake. On the same afternoon in the same city—Chicago—Northwestern and Chicago, playing invading rivals, drew 80,000 or 90,000 more.

Even Tex Rickard has admitted that a promoter can put over but one big heavyweight fight in a year. As against this, here are a few of the more important football crowds gathered in less than two months: Navy-Notre Dame (Chicago), 122,000; Army-Notre Dame (New York), 85,000; Army-Stanford (New York), 85,000; Southern California-Notre Dame (Los Angeles), 80,000; California-Stanford (Berkeley), 80,000; Stanford-Southern California (Los Angeles), 80,000; Southern California-California (Berkeley), 80,000; Yale-Harvard (New Haven), 75,000; Yale-Army (New Haven), 75,000; Princeton-Ohio State (Columbus), 74,000.

There were other big crowds at the Illinois-Michigan, Illinois-Ohio State, Pennsylvania-Cornell and Pennsylvania-Navy battles, to mention only a few. But the ten games referred to drew close to 900,000 spectators and there are no dead-heads at a football game counted in these returns.

Football Has Its Faults

In view of all this popularity it has become treason to suggest that anything is wrong with modern football—as a game. Yet as a game it carries its full share of weakness along many lines. In the first place, the run of accidents and injuries is extremely heavy, thereby increasing the element of luck that every team and every coach must face. Through this last season Dartmouth, Chicago, Indiana, Princeton, Minnesota, Vanderbilt, Southern Methodist and any number of others had so many stars out at various times that team strength was reduced from 30 to 70 per cent.

Such football stars as Marsters, Nagurski, Black, Breithut, Miles, Garvey, Randall, Hume, Stumpf, Collins, Timm and many others were either out the greater part of the season or absent from many games. None of these injuries referred to were serious beyond a few weeks, but they helped to wreck any number of teams. Dartmouth was probably the greatest sufferer: its first-class team was suddenly rolled downhill through injuries to six regulars, including most of the stars, of the Green team.

Football today may not have as many serious casualties as the old game carried, but it has a far greater number of minor wounds that leave a large number of talented backs and forwards almost useless for the season's play.

"I have had to play through most of the season with half-men," one coach said at the end of the campaign. "Over half my team was unable to show anything like its best strength in two thirds of our games." This is a defect that apparently can't be corrected in a game that is largely a matter of man-to-man contact. The open game has been safer for the backs and necks but harder on the knees, ankles and shoulders.

Penalties Are Too Severe

Football, a vivid spectacle and a fine game for physical and mental training under fire, is structurally one of the most unsound of all the competitions. The better team on a given afternoon does not always win. It has always been my belief that a fumbled ball should be dead on the spot where it is recovered, just as it is in case of a fumbled punt. Here is one case, from many similar instances:

In the Georgia Tech-Vanderbilt game the former started a 60-yard drive, play by play, to Vanderbilt's 10-yard line. Here a Tech back fumbled, Brown of Vanderbilt picked up the ball and raced 90 yards to a touchdown.

It has been said that a fumble should be penalized and that alertness in recovery should be rewarded. The penalty for a recovered fumble when the ball remains on the spot is heavy enough. In the above case it would have broken up a touchdown drive and so permitted the recovering side to kick out of danger.

A fumble is a mechanical error. The ball is oddly shaped, hard to hold and often slippery from mud and water. When fumbled it may bound in any direction. When merely recovered without being run back by the defensive team it will cost the offending side the value of six or seven or more high-order plays in which the entire team takes part. That seems to be sufficient penalty for one mistake. To pick up a fumbled ball and run it to a touchdown is a reward out of all proportion to the skill and alertness displayed; and it is too great a penalty for one mechanical error.

Then there is the matter of the goal after touchdown, where again the final decision of a long two-hour battle is placed upon too tricky a foundation. We are told this goal after touchdown is retained to prevent tie games as often as possible. But if two teams proved to be evenly matched, each strong enough to score the same number of touchdowns or field goals, why shouldn't a tie game be the fairest decision? Tie games, we are told, are unsatisfactory. What about the team beaten by a goal after touchdown, a team that often has played the better ball most of the afternoon?

Champions Can't be Picked

Through the season just finished, the goal after touchdown came near eliminating itself. There has been no previous season where as many were missed all over the country.

It has been suggested that in case of a tie almost every other game goes on to extended play until a decision is rendered. But football is entirely different. Even as it is, most teams are usually pretty well done up for the afternoon when the game is over. They have given about all they had to give. A tie game in football is certainly more thrilling for the spectators and more exciting for the players than a one-sided game.

There may have been football championships once but there are none today that mean anything. There are too many strong teams in every section where practically all of them play different schedules, and where each team can pick its own schedule. The team playing the harder schedule rarely comes through unbeaten. It isn't impossible, but it is the next thing to it for any team now to face five or six high-class opponents and beat them all. Some play three hard games, games in which they are keyed up. Others play five or six or seven. So there might easily be greater merit deserved from a season that knew two defeats above a season that knew no defeats.

Another technical weakness of football is the impossible burden it often puts upon officials who in many games have six or seven vital decisions to make that might be called either way. Some sort of penalty could be called on practically every play in football. It is the nature of the game that makes officiating so difficult most of the time.

In spite of these defects there has been no game yet dreamed about which has caught and held the imagination of so many millions. The spirit, speed, excitement and color of the game itself have easily overshadowed all its technical defects.

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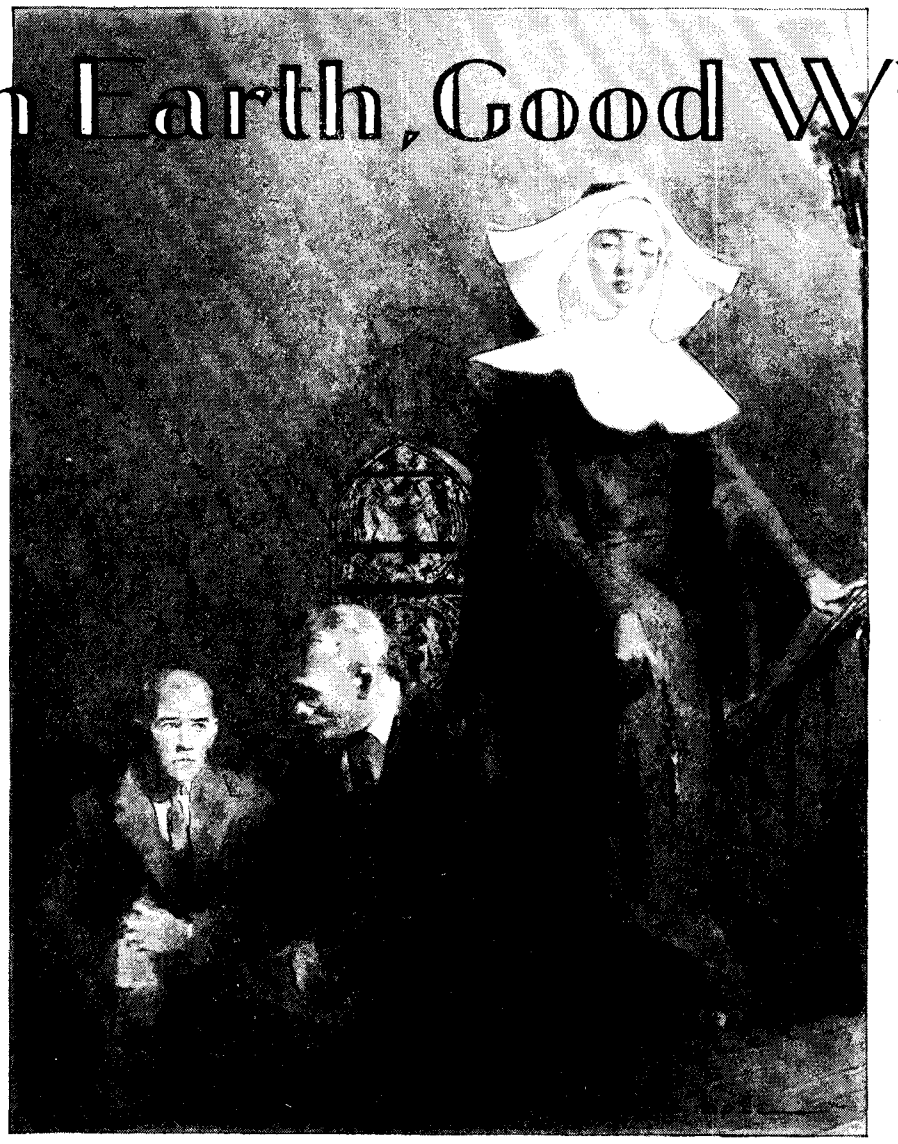
"On Earth, Good Will"

A Short Short Story

By John B. Kennedy



IN a bleak office that looked out on a walled-in patch of soiled snow the warden gave Jarvis his farewell.

"You should be grateful to the governor, Jarvis, for commuting sentence," he said gravely. "Here's the ten dollars you get from the state. And I'm giving you fifteen dollars from the released prisoners' fund to help tide you over the holidays."

Jarvis checked a sneer. The warden was decent enough: in nine years Jarvis had never heard of him being unfair in rows between inmates, trusties and guards. Jarvis took the money.

He boarded a train at the depot. In a packed day coach he found a seat beside a dozing old man. Packages in colored paper were piled high on racks and laps. Sprigs of imitation holly and bright red ribbon stuck out everywhere.

To Jarvis, steady movement seemed unreal. It distracted him, for a while, from a plan—a plan that had become an obsession in nine years of brooding. But presently he settled into a grim concentration on his plan. It was a simple one. He was going to kill, as quickly as possible, the man who had sent him to prison.

Memory flashed back to the picture of that man. Jarvis standing between two policemen. The round, comfortable face of his judge. Gray eyes beaming through heavy lenses as he said:

". . . Congratulate yourself on being found guilty of manslaughter. The prosecutor has been kind. I sentence you to not less than twelve years and six months at hard labor in state's prison and to not more than fifteen years."

His attorney had told Jarvis that five years would be the limit. The judge couldn't go lower than that. And he wouldn't go higher. The man Jarvis had killed in a drunken row was a bad egg, with a record—a gyp gambler; and Jarvis had dependents—a wife and child.

Yet the judge's gray eyes had blinked genially—as if in sentencing Jarvis to twelve years and six months in prison—all of a man's life worth living at Jarvis' age—he was being merciful.

"The fat devil," Jarvis had muttered. "I'll square this some day!"

And he had muttered the threat ten thousand times in agonies of cell-dreams. He knew, in his heart, that the killing had been self-defense, really. He and the man he killed had been partners in the racket—a poolroom dive. He had merely outguessed a harder crook. He didn't deserve a severe sentence.

Nine bitter years of filtering through memory the details of his case had brought a fury of oppressed innocence. His wife had died the fifth year. The warden had been willing to let him go to her; but an election campaign was in full blast and the governor had no time for pleas from prisoners. The court had committed Jarvis' fourteen-year-old daughter to a home. The same judge who had sent him up for the best years of his life. A spasm of hate trembled through his head as the train rolled on.

He left the coach and worked his way uncertainly through clamorous traffic. In glaring lights he bumped into laden passers-by who smiled at his savage mutterings. Cold slush bit through his shoes and he tripped on ice-coated crossings.

Fumbling down a dark side-street he found the place he sought. After an argument he emerged with an automatic in his pocket.

He walked north to the suburbs. The judge's house was there. Holiday-buyers packed the stores. Hooting cars slid along. The town was alive and bright with fevered shopping.

A dog bayed as he walked resolutely up a lawn-path to a home set in naked pines whose bare trunks lifted like broken swords. Shivering, he tugged at a bell. A sharp voice told him the judge was at his office.

THE judge sat alone in a large, gloomy office bordered with law-books. He was bent over a desk. Jarvis could have shot him instantly. That would not have satisfied Jarvis. He wanted to see terror stare from the gray eyes in the pudgy face. As he looked at the bent white head, changing the picture he had long carried of an iron-gray bush of hair above glinting glasses, the judge spoke without turning.

"You're early, Frank," he said.

The voice was deep and gentle—not the probing blade Jarvis remembered.

"This isn't Frank!" Jarvis grated the words through set teeth.

The judge looked up. For only a moment he was startled. A flash of recognition lighted his gaze.

"Your name's Jarvis," he said. "What can I do for you?"

In a pocket Jarvis' fingers clutched the gun. A stream of profanity crossed his quivering lips.

"Stop that, Jarvis!" the judge commanded.

"You're on no bench now," Jarvis sneered. "I'm top dog, and, by God, you'll know it!"

He stepped toward the desk. The judge's hand fell on a black-bound notebook.

"Leave that be," bade Jarvis.

The judge sat back in his chair, coolly facing the ex-convict.

"Curious," he said, as though addressing others besides Jarvis, "I'd just written something there under your name. The governor granted your pardon, Jarvis. There are others. I wonder if they bear me malice?"

"It isn't me," growled Jarvis. "You're going to pay for my wife, and my youngster. Where is she?"

"Jarvis," said the judge, "I've had you in mind more often than you think. I asked the governor to parole you. I always do when a man I've sentenced has been up long enough. Your daughter—"

Jarvis jerked his hand from his pocket. Voices sounded behind him. A man stamped into the room.

"All right, Judge," he called cheerily. "All set."

The visitor was big and breezy with strength. He stared suspiciously at the ex-convict.

"We'll take this man with us, Frank," said the judge to the newcomer.

The judge passed his coat to Jarvis to hold. Then they went out and got into a car.

The car was heaped high with packages. The judge and Jarvis sat behind. They sped through business section and suburbs into open country, headlights banking the snow, chains sputtering.

Jarvis shivered. The judge, pushing a laprobe toward him, touched the cold hand that had gripped a gun. The ex-convict turned away, focused his stare through a curtain. He would wait, come back with the judge—plead for a private talk.

In a low voice the judge spoke:

"I've been thinking of you, Jarvis. You mustn't be spiteful and mean. You'll have a chance for a fresh start. But not with your daughter."

Jarvis whipped his head around. His hand thrust into his pocket.

"What's that?" he snapped.

"You sit still," the judge said.

A building loomed before them. The judge bade Jarvis help the others with the packages. Arms laden, the party walked up a long path. A door was opened. Through heated corridors they followed a smiling nun. The place smelled uncomfortably clean, like a hospital. Upstairs, one flight, two flights. Then in a brightly lit room they deposited their burdens. Jarvis stood with tight lips as other sisters entered and all talked.

Led by the sister who had greeted them, they climbed to another floor

QUIETLY the judge tapped his arm. Led by the sister who had first greeted them, he and the judge climbed to another floor. A dim light burned in a long dormitory. It was above a desk at which sat a sister, reading—while on either side, in rows of cots, children slumbered.

As Jarvis backed out his shoulder touched a green wreath hung over the threshold. The nun disappeared in the room below while Jarvis purposely delayed. He faced the judge.

"Where's my kid?" he blurted. "Where is she?"

"Upstairs," said the judge softly.

Jarvis wrenched away. The judge caught his wrist.

"Let me go," growled Jarvis. "Stick her in a pauper's dump, eh? By God!"

The judge tightened his grip.

"Just a minute, Jarvis," he warned.

"Your daughter's in that dormitory, but not in bed. She's the sister on duty."

Jarvis brought up sharply. The judge's hand went to his shoulder.

"Think it over—before you want to tell her," he said.

Side by side they walked out of the place. The judge stopped by the car.

He produced cigars, passed one to Jarvis. As they lit them the judge hailed Frank, who was behind them:

"Frank, this is the fellow I spoke to you about for that job at the power plant."

Jarvis shook hands, first, with the judge. On the ride back something dropped with a clatter on the road. Only Jarvis heard it.

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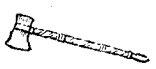
Big Foot Wallace

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by Will Crawford

Upon meeting a warrior Big Foot just let 'er go right from the hip



His hands were hams. His arms were derricks. He buried his dead in heaps. Everything, in fact, about William Alexander Andrew Wallace was on a large scale, except his feet. Yet folks called him —but let Owen White tell you how this gunman of Texas won his nickname. . . .

"Don't bother me, Cap; I been looking for one of them fellers big enough so's I could wear his pants"

"FINE spectacle, now, ain't I!" After weeks in bed, laid up with some kind of fever—he called it the cholry—Big Foot Wallace gazed disgustedly at himself in a scrap of looking glass. "By gum," he went on, "slick as a billiard ball, same as if I'd been skelped by the Comanches. Sweet-lookin' bridegroom I'll make. Hell!"

And thereafter, without even calling upon the young lady who had agreed to become Mrs. Wallace, the bashful Big Foot sloped miserably off into the wilderness to grow hair. On Mount Bonnell, eleven miles from Austin, Tex., he found a cave, found a bear in it, finished the bear, fumigated the cave and moved in. He stayed there for weeks. Three times every day he copiously anointed his head with bear grease. There were plenty of bears. When one ran out he sallied forth and got another, and finally his patience was rewarded.

A soft down, resembling baby chick feathers, began to appear on Big Foot's cranium, and he began to fear that he was turning into a fowl. But he wasn't. The down disappeared, real hair started to sprout, so did hope in the heart of the lovelorn—and just at this time a friend dropped in to say that the girl for whom Big Foot had endured this hirsute hermitage had up and married another feller.

The Complete Misogynist

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled," said Big Foot. "Dern women anyhow! Dern 'em all!" And, just to prove that he meant it, Mr. Wallace lived to the ripe old age of ninety-something, never married and never, so he said, even came near kissing a woman, except once, in Mexico City, when he bit a chunk out of the neck of an old squaw who was making faces at him when he was handcuffed.

Everything about Big Foot except his feet was colossal. His unexpurgated name was William Alexander Andrew Wallace. When he was born in Lexington, Va., on April 3, 1817, he weighed in for the battle of life at exactly 13 pounds; and when he grew up, and was really ready to tackle the job, he spun the needle around to the two-forty mark, stood 6 feet 5 in his moccasins, and had a reach, over all, of 6 feet 6 inches.

Big Foot was a lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, that doughty Scot whose notorious inability to resist the impulse to slaughter Englishmen made the reign of Edward I of England so exhilarating. Sir William, as everyone knows, got so carried away with his hobby that he lost his head over it. He lost it completely. It was daintily chopped off for him in the Tower of London on August 23, 1305. But it is not at all unlikely that the exuberant Scot would have died happy if he could only have known that in the centuries to come other members of his tribe would shed their blood to water two trees of liberty which were to spring up in a then unknown world.

For that is exactly what happened. Several of the Wallace boys died with their boots on fighting in the American Revolution. Two others, one a cousin and the other a brother of Big Foot's, were killed in the massacre of Goliad, one of the bloodiest of the many bloody events that characterized the Texan war for independence.

This last-mentioned calamity riled our nineteen-year-old mammoth beyond endurance when he heard about it back in Virginia. He swore vengeance on all Mexicans and headed south.

It was a long, hard journey, the monotony of which was broken only once. That was in New Orleans, where he stopped over, had a fracas with a couple of citizens, pitched one of them through a screen into a big open fire, and with a huge jackknife whittled his trademark on the breast of the other.

Thereafter, with a flock of deputy sheriffs in his rear to urge him onward, he hurried to Texas. When he arrived the Texan war was over; the republic was a going concern.

He tried to farm, in the neighborhood of Bastrop—but in common with the rest of the settlers Big Foot at once found out that the hair-raising proclivities of the red men made corn raising an impossibility. In order to till, the men of Texas first had to kill.

Big Foot went out with them on many scouts, participated in many battles, bumped off many Indians and acquired much knowledge concerning them. For example, take razor strops.

Hunting for a Living

"The best strops in the world," said Big Foot, "can be made from strips of hide two inches wide and fourteen inches long, carefully removed from the backs of dead Comanches and properly tanned."

Big Foot made up his mind that the easiest way to make a living was to go out and hunt for it. And as hunters were scarce—because most men didn't want to wander out into the wilderness to risk their scalps for a side of deer meat—there was little competition. The young man made a lot of money. Enough, at any rate, almost to get him into difficulty.

Seventy dollars a week, in those days, was sufficient to make any man desirable in the eyes of a designing female: and so, as we have already seen, Big Foot got tangled up in a love affair. However, as we also know, he came out of it unencumbered with a wife, but in other respects he wasn't so lucky. Before leaving his hermitage he ran into an adventure the record of which remained with him forever.

One day, on his way back to his cavern, traveling along a narrow game trail, he turned the point of a cliff and ran head on into an Indian warrior. The warrior said "Huh" and raised his tomahawk. Big Foot didn't raise anything. He didn't have time. He just squeezed down on the trigger of his old flintlock, let 'er go right from the hip: and then, not knowing how many more redskins might be behind the first one, he turned and ran.

He went to Austin, casually mentioned the killing of the Indian to a few friends and the next day led a party to the scene of it. They didn't find the dead Indian—his corpse had been carried away by his co-workers in deviltry—but they did find something else.

It was amazing. There in the sand, close to where the deceased had lain, were the most gigantic footprints these Texans had ever seen. From stem to stern the huge moccasin tracks measured 16 inches, and they were proportionately impressive as to beam. No sooner did Big Foot gaze upon them than ambition awoke in his soul. He must have that pair of sandals!

In order to get them, though, he first had to "get" the owner. So he immediately took the trail.

Several times he came within sight of his intended victim, but the Indian, a huge Lipan, who stood 6 feet 8 inches in height, was always either too far away to make a single shot certain or else too near and too closely surrounded by six warriors.

Finally Big Foot gave up the chase temporarily and went back to Austin. And within a week or two the big Lipan Indian came to Austin!

He came at night, robbed a settler's house and, with his booty, made tracks directly to the door of the shack in which Big Foot lived!

The settler followed the trail to Big Foot's door. And demanded that Big Foot allow himself to be arrested for larceny.

"Not me," said Wallace. "What makes you think I done it?"

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The man pointed to the tracks, and Wallace laughed. He stepped out and planted his two diminutive feet in the vast immensity of two of the accusing tracks. Right there the case against Wallace sagged down and broke in the middle, but the name stuck. From that time on, henceforth and forever, he was known as "Big Foot."

During the few months that followed the big Lipan and his industrious boys managed to kill and scalp some forty-odd settlers in and around Austin.

A Young Squaw to the Rescue

Scouting alone, and trying to get signs of his enemy, yet leave behind no tracks of his own, Wallace suddenly realized that he had very quietly and without invitation inserted himself into the exact center of a select circle of savages. It was an embarrassing social situation. How he could have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette the Virginian didn't know, but there he was!

The chief of the Comanche band stepped out from behind his personal tree and motioned to the white man to follow. Big Foot followed—had to.

At the Indian camp he listened to various and unique happy ways of getting rid of him—and then something happened—a warm feeling began to play around the heart of a young squaw. She was a child of nature; she yielded to its urge; she rose, walked over to the chiefs in council, stated her case, overruled all the nays, turned to Big Foot, extended her hand and—led him to her wigwam!

After enduring or possibly enjoying this kind of "captivity" for two weeks the ungrateful Big Foot managed to escape. When we next see him in action he is engaged as a member of Jack Hays' celebrated ranger detachment in constructively destroying not only bad Indians but renegade white men as well.

As a Texas ranger Big Foot Wallace soon made his mark—many marks. But there was something about his happy-go-lucky disposition that gave his bullets a different flavor—they said men killed by him died cheerful.

Even the Mexicans learned to like him. This, however, was an entirely one-sided sentiment. He still longed to avenge the death of his brother; he was still sore that Texas had made peace before he got there to enjoy himself, and hence when a new international rumpus arose which rendered it necessary once again to attempt to exterminate the inventors of the hot tamale the young man emitted a whoop of delight.

General Woll, a French-born Mexican, in 1842, at the head of about 1,500 soldiers, reinvaded Texas and recaptured San Antonio. It was a bloodless event. But from a rendezvous near Seguin Major Hays sent out a hurry call to the settlers to assemble and repel the invaders.

Hays led his detachment to a point within about five miles of the encampment of the Mexican troops, concealed them carefully and then resorted to Indian strategy. Taking a few picked men with him, the ranger leader approached the enemy and made a demonstration to draw Woll out. The ruse was successful. The Franco-Mexican responded with a rush and brought everything he had with him. Cavalry, infantry and artillery charged forth in pursuit of the handful of Texans; they were led straight on into a neatly prepared ambush, and right then and there Big Foot Wallace began to satisfy his appetite for revenge.

The Mexicans lost about 300 men. In the retreat that followed, from San Antonio to the Rio Grande, they lost nearly as many more.

The old-time Texans were strong for propriety. Having been formally called upon by their neighbors from across the creek, they felt socially obliged to return the visit. Big Foot was especially anxious to do the right thing and literally jumped at the chance to sign up with a bunch of 260 other belligerents who wanted to pay their respects to their sister republic.

They marched down the Rio Grande, crossed the river at the Mexican town of Mier, and shortly after nightfall on Christmas Eve, 1842, started to enter the place. Just at the edge of the town, jogging along toward the rest of the column, Big Foot Wallace heard the crack of a rifle; a bullet fanned his cheek; a groan came from behind him. He looked back; Jones, one of the Texans, had slipped from his horse, dead. And in that instant hell broke loose.

From the houses on both sides of the road out swarmed the Mexicans, intent on stripping the body of the fallen enemy; while, equally intent on preventing it, Big Foot and two or three other men slid from their horses. Right there one of the unchronicled battles of history took place. It was grim, gory and gratifying. When Big Foot and his companions at last wiped their bowie knives on their shirt fronts and hurried along to the town plaza, they left Jones honorably buried beneath the bodies of 20 slain Mexicans.

A Break for Liberty

At the head of the column, though, Big Foot and his companions found the rest of the command fighting from within the houses about the plaza, where were parked a number of small but industrious cannon. Yet in 48 hours the Texans killed more than 600 Mexicans in the streets of Mier, and then, when 2,000 fresh troops arrived to reënforce the enemy, they surrendered.

Chained together and marching along in single file, some 200 Texans who had started out to capture the Republic of Mexico now started on foot from Mier to the "juzcado" (pronounced hoosegow) at Salado.

After being in prison for a week they made a break for liberty. Barehanded they assaulted the guards and wrested their arms from them. Big Foot secured a rifle, but as it was not loaded he threw most of it away. All but the bayonet. That part he kept and with it did noble work until he was told by Captain Cameron not to stick 'em any more but just to hit 'em over the head with it.

The Futile Escape

In this jail delivery 193 Texans escaped and almost immediately found themselves inextricably lost in the wilderness of a hostile country without food and without water.

Big Foot had a mule, once the prize property of a Mexican officer. They killed the mule, and that helped out, but for five days they were without water. They collapsed on a sand hill. When they opened their eyes a Mexican cavalryman was sprinkling water, which he had brought from a water hole less than 150 yards away, in their faces.

Within a week or two 176 of the escaped Texans had been rounded up and reconducted to Salado, where, for their exclusive benefit, the Mexican Government, which has always controlled gambling within its borders, inaugurated the most celebrated lottery known to border history: 176 beans, 17 of which were black, were put into a jar which was passed down the line. With his free hand, because his other was cuffed to a long chain, each man drew, and when it was over 17 men faced the firing squad.

Big Foot, however, was not one of the 17.

"No, sir," he said; "that was one time when I warn't lookin' for no distinction. When I drawed I just shoved my hand in, grabbed a couple of beans, felt to see which one was the biggest, and kept the other one. It was white, and I was damn' glad of it."

In the dungeons of Perote the men grew so desperate for food that they ate rats, and 40 of the prisoners died. Big Foot himself went crazy, was tied down for weeks, but finally came out of it, and in August, 1845, he and three other men, through the intercession of influential friends, were given their liberty. A short time later all the Texans, at the request of Santa Anna's wife, were released.

Having made their way on foot to Vera Cruz, Big Foot and his three companions secured passage on a leaky ship, were taken down with yellow fever—but were unable to lay off from the pumps long enough really to enjoy it—and finally landed at New Orleans where Señor Wallace at once got a job as a peace officer.

Policing, in those days in New Orleans, must have been good. In two weeks Big Foot cleaned up $800 at it. Then, happening to run into the man upon whom he had carved his initials in 1837, and not wanting to have a run-in with the law, he beat it for Texas.

He went down on the Medina River, built a shack and in the next 12 months had enough excitement to last an ordinary man a lifetime. During that brief period he killed 142 grown panthers—out in Arizona they call them lions. Indians were relatively unimportant, so he kept no record of his redskin bag.

Once, though, to save his scalp, he bagged two redskins and ran a total of six miles from the other four.

But he never liked to tell that story. He said it sounded too much like bragging for him to say that he was able to run six miles.

Big Foot Misses the Fun

In 1850 he took a contract to drive a stage and carry mail and passengers, if any, across the 600 miles of Apache-infested wilderness that separated El Paso from San Antonio. On almost his first westbound trip one of his guards got a fatal arrow clean through him.

Apaches got away with every head of stock in his outfit. Leaving his men to guard the mail and the stage, Big Foot walked alone back over the trail to El Paso, got a new lot of mules and arrived at San Antonio only a week late.

On another occasion, while the boys were eating their noonday lunch under the bluff at Devil's River, they were struck by a hailstorm of arrows and bullets. There was not an enemy in sight.

"Take it easy, boys!" said Big Foot. "They'll charge." After an hour they did, and most of them didn't live to regret it.

In the two years that he stayed on the job Big Foot never failed eventually to arrive. Once he had to detour, 'way down into Old Mexico, which necessitated his crossing the Rio Grande twice and violating all kinds of international law.

Then he met the trail of an old friend. There it was in the wet sand. There wasn't another one like it in the world. Big Foot hadn't seen that footprint for 10 years, but he knew it instantly. It was that of the big Lipan.

Big Foot hid his stock, and told his pal, Westfall: "When he gets all the stuff out o' this country—an' he'll do it sure as hell's hot—you can go and get my mules to chase him on. But look a-here, Westfall, if you kill him I want them moccasins."

As the obligation of delivering U. S. mail rested heavily upon his shoulders, Big Foot missed the fun. The Lipan stole everything on four feet—except Big Foot's mules—but Westfall got him.

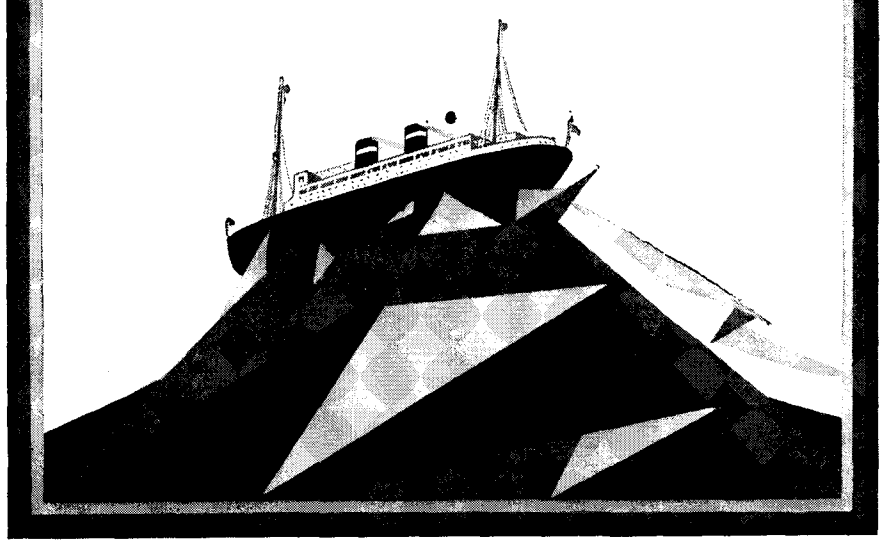
Big Foot Wallace never got the moccasins. Westfall sent them on to him to San Antonio, where, before he got back from the El Paso trip, they fell into the hands of a souvenir hunter. Until he was past 90 Big Foot hunted the hunter, but as the trail led him into the highways and byways of civilization he had no luck.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

AT SEA

The good ship Delkirk sails next week and before she docks, three weeks hence, you will have been piloted through the mazes of a first-cabin mystery story

By William O'Brien



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Not in the Rules By Grantland Rice

What's wrong with football? Practically nothing, say the millions of fans. But it can be a more interesting game and Mr. Rice tells how in this article

Football, despite its weaknesses, tolerates no competitors for popularity and gate receipts

FOOTBALL this past season moved on to a greater national interest than it has ever known, and yet in spite of the nation-wide frenzy to pack all the bowls and the stadiums the game again showed any number of important weaknesses that seem to be beyond correction.

It might be argued that no game could have any important weakness when 20 or 30 millions are willing to pay for the privilege of being spectators. But after all football was not started to please the spectators. It was supposed to be for the players, who get the hammering and battering.

There is no question about the increasing hold football has on the American public. A heavyweight championship—with another Dempsey—might draw as much as some big football game. But there is no game even close to the average drawing power of the gridiron. Notre Dame and the Navy played to 122,000 at Soldier Field just after both had been beaten. No title or championship was at stake. On the same afternoon in the same city—Chicago—Northwestern and Chicago, playing invading rivals, drew 80,000 or 90,000 more.

Even Tex Rickard has admitted that a promoter can put over but one big heavyweight fight in a year. As against this, here are a few of the more important football crowds gathered in less than two months: Navy-Notre Dame (Chicago), 122,000; Army-Notre Dame (New York), 85,000; Army-Stanford (New York), 85,000; Southern California-Notre Dame (Los Angeles), 80,000; California-Stanford (Berkeley), 80,000; Stanford-Southern California (Los Angeles), 80,000; Southern California-California (Berkeley), 80,000; Yale-Harvard (New Haven), 75,000; Yale-Army (New Haven), 75,000; Princeton-Ohio State (Columbus), 74,000.

There were other big crowds at the Illinois-Michigan, Illinois-Ohio State, Pennsylvania-Cornell and Pennsylvania-Navy battles, to mention only a few. But the ten games referred to drew close to 900,000 spectators and there are no dead-heads at a football game counted in these returns.

Football Has Its Faults

In view of all this popularity it has become treason to suggest that anything is wrong with modern football—as a game. Yet as a game it carries its full share of weakness along many lines. In the first place, the run of accidents and injuries is extremely heavy, thereby increasing the element of luck that every team and every coach must face. Through this last season Dartmouth, Chicago, Indiana, Princeton, Minnesota, Vanderbilt, Southern Methodist and any number of others had so many stars out at various times that team strength was reduced from 30 to 70 per cent.

Such football stars as Marsters, Nagurski, Black, Breithut, Miles, Garvey, Randall, Hume, Stumpf, Collins, Timm and many others were either out the greater part of the season or absent from many games. None of these injuries referred to were serious beyond a few weeks, but they helped to wreck any number of teams. Dartmouth was probably the greatest sufferer: its first-class team was suddenly rolled downhill through injuries to six regulars, including most of the stars, of the Green team.

Football today may not have as many serious casualties as the old game carried, but it has a far greater number of minor wounds that leave a large number of talented backs and forwards almost useless for the season's play.

"I have had to play through most of the season with half-men," one coach said at the end of the campaign. "Over half my team was unable to show anything like its best strength in two thirds of our games." This is a defect that apparently can't be corrected in a game that is largely a matter of man-to-man contact. The open game has been safer for the backs and necks but harder on the knees, ankles and shoulders.

Penalties Are Too Severe

Football, a vivid spectacle and a fine game for physical and mental training under fire, is structurally one of the most unsound of all the competitions. The better team on a given afternoon does not always win. It has always been my belief that a fumbled ball should be dead on the spot where it is recovered, just as it is in case of a fumbled punt. Here is one case, from many similar instances:

In the Georgia Tech-Vanderbilt game the former started a 60-yard drive, play by play, to Vanderbilt's 10-yard line. Here a Tech back fumbled, Brown of Vanderbilt picked up the ball and raced 90 yards to a touchdown.

It has been said that a fumble should be penalized and that alertness in recovery should be rewarded. The penalty for a recovered fumble when the ball remains on the spot is heavy enough. In the above case it would have broken up a touchdown drive and so permitted the recovering side to kick out of danger.

A fumble is a mechanical error. The ball is oddly shaped, hard to hold and often slippery from mud and water. When fumbled it may bound in any direction. When merely recovered without being run back by the defensive team it will cost the offending side the value of six or seven or more high-order plays in which the entire team takes part. That seems to be sufficient penalty for one mistake. To pick up a fumbled ball and run it to a touchdown is a reward out of all proportion to the skill and alertness displayed; and it is too great a penalty for one mechanical error.

Then there is the matter of the goal after touchdown, where again the final decision of a long two-hour battle is placed upon too tricky a foundation. We are told this goal after touchdown is retained to prevent tie games as often as possible. But if two teams proved to be evenly matched, each strong enough to score the same number of touchdowns or field goals, why shouldn't a tie game be the fairest decision? Tie games, we are told, are unsatisfactory. What about the team beaten by a goal after touchdown, a team that often has played the better ball most of the afternoon?

Champions Can't be Picked

Through the season just finished, the goal after touchdown came near eliminating itself. There has been no previous season where as many were missed all over the country.

It has been suggested that in case of a tie almost every other game goes on to extended play until a decision is rendered. But football is entirely different. Even as it is, most teams are usually pretty well done up for the afternoon when the game is over. They have given about all they had to give. A tie game in football is certainly more thrilling for the spectators and more exciting for the players than a one-sided game.

There may have been football championships once but there are none today that mean anything. There are too many strong teams in every section where practically all of them play different schedules, and where each team can pick its own schedule. The team playing the harder schedule rarely comes through unbeaten. It isn't impossible, but it is the next thing to it for any team now to face five or six high-class opponents and beat them all. Some play three hard games, games in which they are keyed up. Others play five or six or seven. So there might easily be greater merit deserved from a season that knew two defeats above a season that knew no defeats.

Another technical weakness of football is the impossible burden it often puts upon officials who in many games have six or seven vital decisions to make that might be called either way. Some sort of penalty could be called on practically every play in football. It is the nature of the game that makes officiating so difficult most of the time.

In spite of these defects there has been no game yet dreamed about which has caught and held the imagination of so many millions. The spirit, speed, excitement and color of the game itself have easily overshadowed all its technical defects.

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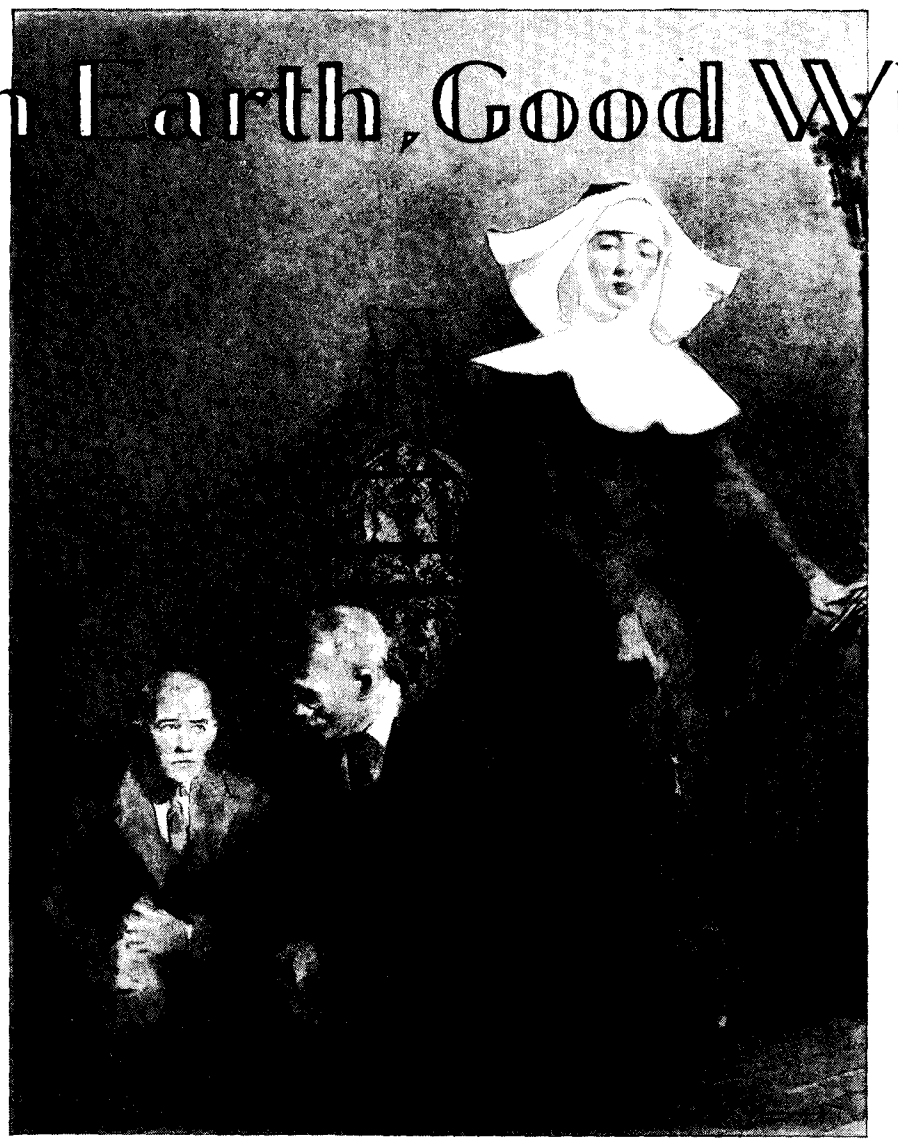
"On Earth, Good Will"

A Short Short Story

By John B. Kennedy



Led by the sister who had greeted them, they climbed to another floor

IN a bleak office that looked out on a walled-in patch of soiled snow the warden gave Jarvis his farewell.

"You should be grateful to the governor, Jarvis, for commuting sentence," he said gravely. "Here's the ten dollars you get from the state. And I'm giving you fifteen dollars from the released prisoners' fund to help tide you over the holidays."

Jarvis checked a sneer. The warden was decent enough: in nine years Jarvis had never heard of him being unfair in rows between inmates, trusties and guards. Jarvis took the money.

He boarded a train at the depot. In a packed day coach he found a seat beside a dozing old man. Packages in colored paper were piled high on racks and laps. Sprigs of imitation holly and bright red ribbon stuck out everywhere.

To Jarvis, steady movement seemed unreal. It distracted him, for a while, from a plan—a plan that had become an obsession in nine years of brooding. But presently he settled into a grim concentration on his plan. It was a simple one. He was going to kill, as quickly as possible, the man who had sent him to prison.

Memory flashed back to the picture of that man. Jarvis standing between two policemen. The round, comfortable face of his judge. Gray eyes beaming through heavy lenses as he said:

". . . Congratulate yourself on being found guilty of manslaughter. The prosecutor has been kind. I sentence you to not less than twelve years and six months at hard labor in state's prison and to not more than fifteen years."

His attorney had told Jarvis that five years would be the limit. The judge couldn't go lower than that. And he wouldn't go higher. The man Jarvis had killed in a drunken row was a bad egg, with a record—a gyp gambler; and Jarvis had dependents—a wife and child.

Yet the judge's gray eyes had blinked genially—as if in sentencing Jarvis to twelve years and six months in prison—all of a man's life worth living at Jarvis' age—he was being merciful.

"The fat devil," Jarvis had muttered. "I'll square this some day!"

And he had muttered the threat ten thousand times in agonies of cell-dreams. He knew, in his heart, that the killing had been self-defense, really. He and the man he killed had been partners in the racket—a poolroom dive. He had merely outguessed a harder crook. He didn't deserve a severe sentence.

Nine bitter years of filtering through memory the details of his case had brought a fury of oppressed innocence. His wife had died the fifth year. The warden had been willing to let him go to her; but an election campaign was in full blast and the governor had no time for pleas from prisoners. The court had committed Jarvis' fourteen-year-old daughter to a home. The same judge who had sent him up for the best years of his life. A spasm of hate trembled through his head as the train rolled on.

He left the coach and worked his way uncertainly through clamorous traffic. In glaring lights he bumped into laden passers-by who smiled at his savage mutterings. Cold slush bit through his shoes and he tripped on ice-coated crossings.

Fumbling down a dark side-street he found the place he sought. After an argument he emerged with an automatic in his pocket.

He walked north to the suburbs. The judge's house was there. Holiday-buyers packed the stores. Hooting cars slid along. The town was alive and bright with fevered shopping.

A dog bayed as he walked resolutely up a lawn-path to a home set in naked pines whose bare trunks lifted like broken swords. Shivering, he tugged at a bell. A sharp voice told him the judge was at his office.

THE judge sat alone in a large, gloomy office bordered with law-books. He was bent over a desk. Jarvis could have shot him instantly. That would not have satisfied Jarvis. He wanted to see terror stare from the gray eyes in the pudgy face. As he looked at the bent white head, changing the picture he had long carried of an iron-gray bush of hair above glinting glasses, the judge spoke without turning.

"You're early, Frank," he said.

The voice was deep and gentle—not the probing blade Jarvis remembered.

"This isn't Frank!" Jarvis grated the words through set teeth.

The judge looked up. For only a moment he was startled. A flash of recognition lighted his gaze.

"Your name's Jarvis," he said. "What can I do for you?"

In a pocket Jarvis' fingers clutched the gun. A stream of profanity crossed his quivering lips.

"Stop that, Jarvis!" the judge commanded.

"You're on no bench now," Jarvis sneered. "I'm top dog, and, by God, you'll know it!"

He stepped toward the desk. The judge's hand fell on a black-bound notebook.

"Leave that be," bade Jarvis.

The judge sat back in his chair, coolly facing the ex-convict.

"Curious," he said, as though addressing others besides Jarvis, "I'd just written something there under your name. The governor granted your pardon, Jarvis. There are others. I wonder if they bear me malice?"

"It isn't me," growled Jarvis. "You're going to pay for my wife, and my youngster. Where is she?"

"Jarvis," said the judge, "I've had you in mind more often than you think. I asked the governor to parole you. I always do when a man I've sentenced has been up long enough. Your daughter—"

Jarvis jerked his hand from his pocket. Voices sounded behind him. A man stamped into the room.

"All right, Judge," he called cheerily. "All set."

The visitor was big and breezy with strength. He stared suspiciously at the ex-convict.

"We'll take this man with us, Frank," said the judge to the newcomer.

The judge passed his coat to Jarvis to hold. Then they went out and got into a car.

The car was heaped high with packages. The judge and Jarvis sat behind. They sped through business section and suburbs into open country, headlights banking the snow, chains sputtering.

Jarvis shivered. The judge, pushing a laprobe toward him, touched the cold hand that had gripped a gun. The ex-convict turned away, focused his stare through a curtain. He would wait, come back with the judge—plead for a private talk.

In a low voice the judge spoke:

"I've been thinking of you, Jarvis. You mustn't be spiteful and mean. You'll have a chance for a fresh start. But not with your daughter."

Jarvis whipped his head around. His hand thrust into his pocket.

"What's that?" he snapped.

"You sit still," the judge said.

A building loomed before them. The judge bade Jarvis help the others with the packages. Arms laden, the party walked up a long path. A door was opened. Through heated corridors they followed a smiling nun. The place smelled uncomfortably clean, like a hospital. Upstairs, one flight, two flights. Then in a brightly lit room they deposited their burdens. Jarvis stood with tight lips as other sisters entered and all talked.

QUIETLY the judge tapped his arm. Led by the sister who had first greeted them, he and the judge climbed to another floor. A dim light burned in a long dormitory. It was above a desk at which sat a sister, reading—while on either side, in rows of cots, children slumbered.

As Jarvis backed out his shoulder touched a green wreath hung over the threshold. The nun disappeared in the room below while Jarvis purposely delayed. He faced the judge.

"Where's my kid?" he blurted. "Where is she?"

"Upstairs," said the judge softly.

Jarvis wrenched away. The judge caught his wrist.

"Let me go," growled Jarvis. "Stick her in a pauper's dump, eh? By God!"

The judge tightened his grip.

"Just a minute, Jarvis," he warned. "Your daughter's in that dormitory, but not in bed. She's the sister on duty."

Jarvis brought up sharply. The judge's hand went to his shoulder.

"Think it over—before you want to tell her," he said.

Side by side they walked out of the place. The judge stopped by the car.

He produced cigars, passed one to Jarvis. As they lit them the judge hailed Frank, who was behind them:

"Frank, this is the fellow I spoke to you about for that job at the power plant."

Jarvis shook hands, first, with the judge. On the ride back something dropped with a clatter on the road. Only Jarvis heard it.

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Watching his skillful fingers bring swift order to the chaos, she felt as much at ease with him as if they were married

Illustrated by John Lagatta

hard business woman, was amazed to meet a slight little person, who said little, but looked and listened with a fierce watchful eagerness that was very different from Paul's easy-going geniality. She did her best to make friends with little Jane, but without much success.

"I don't know much about children," she apologized to Marian. "I see my own baby so seldom. Thank God I can bring her up in comfort: she'll have things I never had. . . . But that's not everything."

IT WAS a good deal, thought Marian, who had never had a garment so good as Mrs. Bassett's fur coat.

"Had you worked before you were married?" she asked. And when the other woman nodded—"Was it hard to get back into it afterward?"

"Of course it was hard, but I had to do it. You can do anything when you have to. . . . Or almost anything."

"*You* could," said Marian in a flash of envious admiration. At which Mrs. Bassett laughed, not very cheerfully.

Marian was afraid she would never like her—there was some chemical antipathy between them; but she respected her immensely. Mrs. Bassett had done what she had to do, and Paul, who had started above her, was dependent on her now for promotion. Marian, who once had been a competent business woman in her own right, was dependent on her too. . . . That wasn't a pleasant thought; but Marian went on to other thoughts, less pleasant still.

She had married a handy man about the house, and had become a handy woman about the kitchen. Against her expectation, almost against her will, she had turned into an excellent cook, a conscientious housekeeper; she made her husband a comfortable home and he was always in it. She was fond of him, but she thought she would like him better if he returned after six months' absence. She knew he would stoutly maintain that she was the finest woman in the world, but she knew, too, that he would be more attentively interested in her if she were something he could fix with a hammer.

That fall an attack of influenza struck her down; for three weeks they had to have the maid they had always thought they couldn't afford, and Marian, convalescing, observed with interest that the maid did all the things she had been doing, and did them about as well. She confessed as much to the doctor on his last call, for they were old friends, as friendships go in the suburbs; they had danced together at the club, and she had played bridge with his wife.

"I suppose it's silly," she admitted, lounging on her chaise longue. "But to think there's not one thing you can do better than anybody else—"

HE EYED her with an expression she'd never seen before in him. . . . Come to think of it, it had been years since she'd seen it in Paul.

"You can look better than any other woman in Luxuriant Gardens!" he said savagely. "In that—that thing you're wearing—"

That thing she was wearing was a quite decorous dressing gown, but she knew its deep wine red set off her deep black hair, and the not unbecoming pallor of convalescence. She knew, too, that it was frayed and worn, for it was five years old; and in sheer bewilderment she heard herself saying:

"Oh, but you ought to have seen the clothes I had before I was married!"

"I wish I had!" said the doctor. "I wish I had!" Whereupon he walked out, without even feeling her pulse.

That night she told Paul she wanted to keep the maid.

"I know we can't afford her—now," she admitted. "The mortgage payments and insurance premiums take all our surplus. But if I went back to work—"

"But why should you?'" he demanded sulkily.

"Why shouldn't I? We're not getting anywhere now. Oh, we meet our bills; in another ten years we'll own the house—"

"Yes, and I've made it worth twice what it was!"

"But you haven't made yourself worth twice what you were. Why don't you get on in the office? Because you quit at five, or a little before, to come home and tinker with the car, or build a set of book shelves. I'll be as bad if I don't get out. Do you know what we are, you and I—what we've made of ourselves? A pair of efficient servants—the sort of married couple people advertise for. But I want to be more than that. I was a good secretary, once."

"But by the time you'd paid the maid out of your salary, and bought your lunches and commutation ticket—"

"I could buy my clothes, anyway—the sort of clothes I want."

"There's nothing the matter with your clothes," he grunted.

"How do you know? You never look at them. . . . But women do?"

THAT provoked an explosion; but they ended in a gust of emotional contrition that closed the argument for the time.

But they decided to keep the maid and postpone the discussion till after the holidays; for Christmas had been their high festival ever since Jane was old enough to clap her hands at the tree. This year—it was enough to make anybody believe in Santa Claus—there was a fat Christmas bonus in the office; this year, thought Marian, she'd give him a real Christmas present—the humidor he'd never been able to afford.

The money came out of the fund she'd built up to replenish her underwear supply; but she suspected that Santa Claus would see to that. The last time she had been in town with Paul she had halted, with a gasp of hopeless admiration, before a window full of French underwear, bright and florid. It was impossible, then; but now that they had the bonus—

They always gave each other their own presents after they had trimmed the tree on Christmas Eve, so as not to interfere with Jane in the morning. This time she gave him the humidor, and was hugged in most gratifying acknowledgment; and then he brought out a huge box that might have held a year's supply of underwear but didn't.

"But, Paul!" she said in a queer thin voice. "A radio!"

On Christmas night there was a dance at the club; under the mistletoe in the bright ballroom various people kissed each other; the doctor kissed Marian. Then, when he had danced with her, he took her out into a dim alcove and kissed her again. She had meant to stop him but she didn't. The fourth time she didn't stop him his wife walked in; she was fiercely jealous, and trailed him everywhere. It was quite a scandal for Luxuriant Gardens, but it might have come to nothing, so far as the Sturgeses were concerned, if Paul hadn't (*Continued on page 34*)

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The Kid's

By Gus

Long ago Elsie Janis looked like a sure-fire winner to Gus Edwards, who was rapidly learning how to pick them. But $250 a week was out of the question. Eddie Cantor at $75 a week and Mae Murray at $50 looked safer.

IV

FOR quite a few years after 1898 I was almost a retired $27.50-a-week actor. That was because I could make more money cabareting or arranging entertainments for clubs and, secondly, Will Cobb was firing lyrics at me so fast that my daylight hours were devoted largely to fitting music to them or peddling the songs to publishers when they were completed.

Cobb dropped around one day with a complete love lyric. I read the words—every line breathed a beautiful sentiment. And then I asked him:

"How did you come to write this?"

"Oh, I wrote it in a gin-mill," he answered.

"But what prompted it?"

"Well, a guy and his moll were sitting in the back room; both of them stewed. She was a blonde and was raising hell with him because he had been out the night before with some wop. She threatened to beat out his brains if he double-crossed her again."

That incident inspired Cobb to write "Could You Be True to Eyes of Blue if You Looked Into Eyes of Brown?" a song which was introduced in the Shubert play "Chinese Honeymoon," sold beyond 500,000 copies, and still is sung because of the beauty and the sentiment of its words.

Through those early years when Cobb and I were establishing ourselves as song writers we also wrote "Kathleen," "On the Proper Side of Broadway," "Diamonds Don't Care Who Wear Them," "I'm the Man That Makes the Money in the Mint," "He's Me Pal," and "I'll Do Anything in the World for You."

A Vaudeville Booking

Cobb and I got substantial advance payments on our songs and then collected handsomely on royalties. Being kids in our early twenties we decided that life for both of us would always be that way. It was easy come and easier go.

We had a rapid succession of hits—and then we ran into a slump. Inasmuch as we had measured our standard of living along the lines that everything we wrote would go over big and bring us money—well, we had to retrench. And finally I decided, along in 1903, or so, that I had better get back to stage work if I wanted to be sure of coffee and "cakes" each day.

It was along about that time when "variety" had become vaudeville, when circuits were organized and when that angle of the theatrical business really started to boom. No longer was it just a sort of "step-brother" in the show business. A definite demand had come for vaudeville performers and those backing the circuit were eager and willing to pay comparatively big wages for established performers.

Here are Lila Lee and Georgie Price as they appeared many years ago while singing Edwards' song hits

Because of my song-writing reputation, plus my rather proven ability to dance well, play the piano and put over a song, I didn't have much difficulty getting a booking, at wages considerably higher than the previous standard of $27.50 a week.

While out in the "sticks" on that tour I worked on the same bill with a girl who struck me as a marvel as an entertainer. She was not quite 16 then and was being managed by her mother. Of a sudden I got a notion that I would like to handle her affairs and take her into New York as soon as she reached 16. Child performers under that age then were barred from New York stages by the Gerry Society.

The mother seemed willing enough to let me manage the girl—at a price. She mentioned $250 a week. Two hundred and fifty dollars a week for an actress of 15. I had worked for $27.50 a week until I was 17, $75 was considered "marvelous" for any type of kid entertainer then, the shining stars of Broadway were working for $100 up to $150 a week—and here was a mother calmly asking $250 for her little daughter.

Elsie Janis was the sensation of a Broadway show at the tender age of sixteen

Yet that girl had so much talent that I felt she couldn't miss stardom. Had I ever dreamed that days would come when $2,500, $3,000, $4,000 and $5,000 were not unusual for single acts in vaudeville, I would have signed her. I finally offered to take the girl under contract at $200 a week.

The mother, keen and brainy, stood pat on $250. I countered with $225. The mother said "no." I didn't dare make the $250 gamble, so the deal was off.

However, when I got back to New York, I bustled around among show managers who were my friends and began to rave about the little girl I had seen in the "sticks." But they refused to get excited. They hadn't seen her, hadn't heard much, if anything, about her, and while they respected my judgment in a certain way they couldn't "see" hiring an unknown girl who just then had reached her sixteenth birthday.

But one day I met Mark Luescher, told him about the girl and Mark decided to take a chance on her. He placed her in the "Red Domino" show which was featuring Mlle. Dazie as the mysterious girl with the red domino mask. She had previously made Big Time in "When We Were Forty-one."

The girl not only was the hit of the show—she was an absolute riot. The critics went into hysterics; the crowd went mad about her and her ability. And why not? For the girl was Elsie Janis.

Elsie at 14 and 15 had been as great as she was at 16. Whereupon I recalled that at 13 or 14 I was rather fair myself and that the "Newsboy Quintette," made up only of kids, had gone over with a hurrah for nearly two years. All of which set me to thinking:

"Why not a kid show—one that features nothing but children?"

The more I thought about it, the more confident I felt that it would be a success. But when I put it up to older heads in the show business, they sprayed cold water on it. They pointed out that a good kid entertainer was an accident—not an everyday happening.

There was logic in that reasoning, yet the idea persisted. It continued to linger around in my mind. It was an experiment—a gamble—yes.

I realized that if this kid-show thing was to have any chance to succeed it would be necessary for me to have some youngster of definite genius to "top" the act. The search for such a kid was long, sometimes discouraging. But it ended one night when I found 11-year-old Herman Timberg knocking folks off their seats by his display of theatrical brilliance in the social halls in the Ghetto of New York.

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Clever Edwards

I hired Herman, took him to Altoona and put the act in rehearsal, calling it "School Boys and Girls." The cast mainly included kids I had picked up in Altoona; youngsters whose only part was to frolic around Timberg and do a few capers. The act went over with a bang in Altoona. The following week we opened in New York in the 23d Street Theater. I'll confess I was worried and somewhat apprehensive. It was an innovation, a daring departure from the usual shows of the stage. The reception they gave that show in Altoona was encouraging—but Altoona wasn't New York.

The kids who supported Timberg in New York were, in the main, New York youngsters, as I had decided to pick up those youngsters in each of the towns instead of carrying them along with me. But to play the youngsters in New York I had to get a special permit that was renewed from week to week and was compelled to guarantee that they would get proper schooling despite time taken for stage work.

George Jessel looked like this when he played in Edwards' "Kid Kabaret"

Gus Edwards (center) with the original cast of "School Boys and Girls," which was his first venture as a producer

"School Boys and Girls" was a knockout in New York. It was greeted with praise by the critics and wilder applause by the audience. The act played almost every showhouse in New York—and then I took it on a tour. Everywhere it received acclaim. Moving from city to city, I constantly changed the cast almost completely, picking up kids in the towns where we played.

Eventually I decided upon a new act—with kids in the leading rôles. I called it "School Days," taking Timberg out of the "School Boys and Girls" act and starring him in the newest vehicle, "School Days," which started out merely as a vaudeville skit but ended up as a three-act kid revue which included 35 children.

Once again I had a sensational success. And while "School Days" was packing them in in New York, the "School Boys and Girls" act continued successful on the road. In fact, "School Boys and Girls," with its cast constantly changed, but the act almost in its original form, was toured around the United States for nearly ten seasons—probably a record.

Something New at Last

On the same bill with us in Atlantic City was Gene Bedini, the world-famous juggler, and assisting him in his act was a kid of 15 or 16, who, as part of the act, became target for plates which Bedini tossed around with reckless abandon but not much precision.

I stopped one afternoon to watch the act and at first paid little attention to the kid except to note that he was in blackface. Of a sudden the plate fusillade began. The kid dodged, registered indignation as the act proceeded, and then, while I listened in astonishment, he began to make his protests *in Hebrew* or with a Jewish dialect.

Here was something new, unique and grotesque, and a laugh of laughs. A "Negro" boy yelling denunciations in *Hebrew*.

When the kid came off after the act, I walked up to him, patted him on the back and said:

"That's a great act you're doing; stick to it. You'll be a riot."

"But I don't want to stick to it," he answered. "I can do better things than be an African Dodger. I'd like to do singing and dancing and maybe comedy stuff. Could you give me a chance?"

I tried him out—told him to sing and told him to dance. After that I hunted up Bedini and said:

"I'd like to hire that kid."

"Can you do any better for him than I'm doing?" asked Bedini.

"Yes, I can double his wages and it looks to me as if there's a great chance for him in revues," I answered.

"All right," agreed Gene. "You can have him as soon as I find someone to take his place."

The boy wasn't anything to cheer about—at first—but he was a born comedian and within six months was the riot of my show.

For several seasons he continued to star—or co-star—in my kid revues. Everywhere we went he was a sensation. He was a knockout, even with me. For, although he never deviated from his lines or his act to the detriment of the rest of the cast, he was forever "pulling" impromptu stuff that made me laugh as riotously as the audiences.

In time he outgrew the kid shows. He wanted to go into vaudeville. I helped him with his bookings.

He teamed up with Al Lee—and the act should have been a tremendous success. But it wasn't. And back came the kid, just about the time that Flo Ziegfeld was scouting around for someone to sing, dance and do comedy. I told the Ziegfeld crowd that here was the boy they needed. But not many of the group could "see" him. I think that for a while even Flo was skeptical.

But anyway that kid star of mine, of the earlier years, finally got his chance, opened one night with a Ziegfeld show—and that's the story of Eddie Cantor.

A Famous Pair of Sisters

About a dozen years ago I was just about to leave my office in the Astor Theater Building, New York, when the office boy came in and said two girls were outside with a letter of introduction from Fred Henderson, an old pal of mine, who then was general manager of the Pacific Coast branch of the Keith-Albee circuit.

"Give these kids a chance—if possible," wrote Henderson.

So I had the girls come into my office, lugging suitcases almost as big as themselves. They looked weary, they were dust-covered and their rather plain togs were rumpled and creased. They were just two little girls, one 15 the other 17, just off a train after six days of riding—perhaps most of it in day coaches—from San Francisco.

They were nothing for a theatrical producer to get excited about. And I had an appointment and wanted to be on my way. Yet Henderson had asked me to give them a chance. So I told them to put down their suitcases, led them to a piano and asked them to sing their favorite song.

Good voices—sweet voices—but nothing remarkable.

And then it struck me! I was judging the kids on a tryout I had forced them into immediately on their arrival after a long, dusty, tiresome train ride. I decided to try them again the next day.

And in that tryout they showed me something to rave about in sister dancing and something to cheer about in the blended voices of a duet.

I was then putting on a rather elaborate revue in the Omar Khayyam room of the Hotel Martinique and I promptly hired the sisters at $80 a week—$40

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apiece—to become part of that show. I sent them out wearing rompers and hair ribbons and they went well with the crowd, after they got over the early stage fright of appearing before a New York audience.

These sisters to whom we paid $80 a week since have averaged beyond $5,000 a week and during one week in the Metropolitan Theater in Los Angeles established what is perhaps a world's record for a team act when they gathered in $14,000 for the week's work.

You know them as Rosetta and Vivian, the famous Duncan sisters.

Quite a few years ago, while I had my office in the building in New York where the Claridge Hotel now stands, my office boy told me:

"There's a kid outside, or maybe he isn't a kid. I don't know what he is but he's a funny-looking shrimp. Shall I bring him in?"

The Story of George Jessel

I nodded and a minute or so later in came a kid, or maybe it wasn't a kid. I took one look at him, and broke out laughing.

He was just a little bit bigger than a Lilliputian. He had a thin, almost wizened face; deep, dark eyes. He wore a derby hat, an overcoat that hit the floor and almost swallowed him; he was carrying a cane and tightly clamped in his teeth was a big, black, but unlighted, cigar.

He looked to be 8 on 9 and he actually was 9, but the clothes made him look like a dwarf of 20.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"I'm an actor out of work," was his comeback.

"Where did you ever work?"

"Nowhere—yet."

"What can you do?"

"Sing, dance, crack jokes—regular actor stuff—maybe better than some of the regulars. Want me to show you?"

I went over to the piano and asked him to sing a little number. He did, and he did it very well. His enunciation was really exceptional.

"I'm good at jokes," he told me. "Ask me to make you laugh and I'll knock you off your seat, honest I will, mister."

I let him unfurl a few, and they were good. I don't know where this 9-year-old kid dug 'em up but they sounded original. While I was still laughing, he looked at me with those grave, serious eyes and asked:

"When do I go to work?"

"Tomorrow—come around to the Victoria," I answered.

The kid turned to go, then changed his mind, turned, faced me, and asked:

"Say, mister, if some of the customers die laughing at my jokes I ain't responsible for them dying, am I?"

I looked at that little sardine quizzically. Was he kidding me? But the expression on his face was solemn, serious. Not a flicker of a smile. So I shook my head in the negative to allay his fears. He walked to the door, opened it, turned, looked at me, and then he winked and grinned.

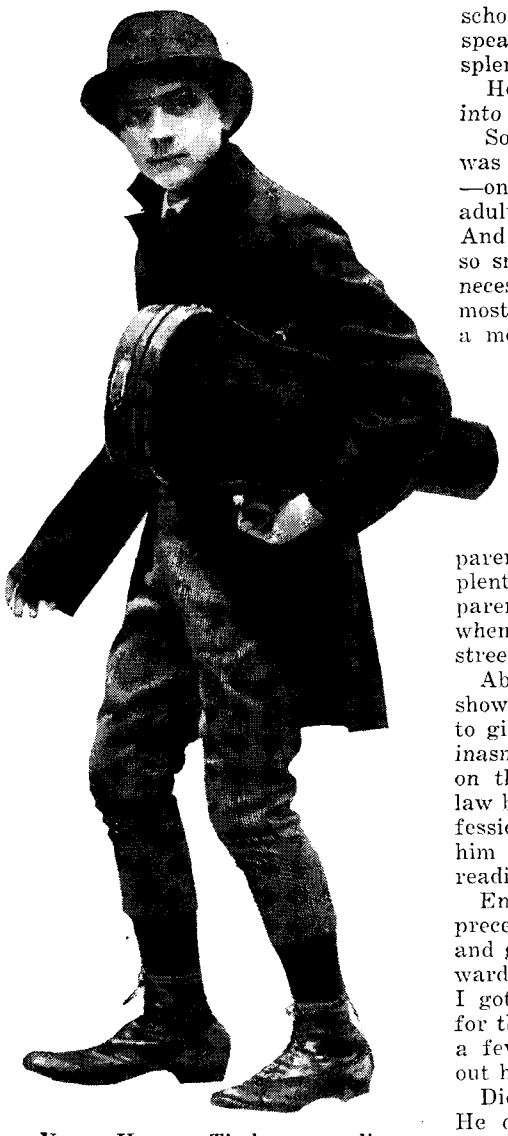
A born actor, that boy!

The youngster sang with the kid chorus for a while, and danced with it and frolicked his part. After a while I decided to send him out to sing a song—alone. I was fearful he might get nervous. But he was as cool as marble. He put the song over, and brought down the house.

He has been a sensation ever since.

I forget what salary I paid him at the start. I think it was $35, although it might have been less. But in the years since then this boy has risen to a point where he averages $5,000 a week from his acting, his radio singing and his phonograph royalty records.

His name is George Jessel.



Young Herman Timberg was discovered entertaining in Ghetto social halls

In 1908, when I was preparing to stage the "Merry-Go-Round," the first elaborate revue in New York's history, and the forerunner of the "Follies" and "Scandals," a little blond girl came to my office one day seeking a job in the chorus.

She had no experience. And quite simply she admitted she had tried to get theatrical work in other places—and had failed. She was a courageous little thing, but a succession of disappointments had almost broken her spirit and when I hesitated about giving her a trial it seemed that tears were forming in her eyes.

So I tried her out. She didn't have much of a voice, and although she was graceful, she wasn't much as a dancer. Apparently, she sensed that I figured it was a big gamble to give her a job and spend plenty of time drilling her, for she said:

"If you'll just give me a chance, I'll work 24 hours a day to learn."

She Went Over Big

I hired her and told her to report for rehearsals the next day. My associates—the supposed money men of that "Merry-Go-Round"—saw her in her attempts at dancing and suggested I get rid of her. But I let her stay. In my odd moments I coached her. She was a willing pupil—an apt pupil—an extremely intelligent girl. And every ounce of energy in her beautiful little body went into the effort to improve and make of herself a dancer—and an actress.

When the show opened, this girl had improved in her dancing so amazingly that she was a distinct "standout." She was the real "hit" of the number. And because she had personality and ability I soon took her out of the chorus, schooled her a bit, gave her a small speaking part—and she went over splendidly.

How well she succeeded is written into the history of Mae Murray's career.

Somewhere along in 1908 or 1909 I was at a little house party in Brooklyn—one given mainly for kids—where adults were little more than onlookers. And into that party came a boy of 5, so small that a microscope was almost necessary to locate him; a smiling, almost swaggering little fellow, wearing a moth-eaten fur coat and a cap six sizes too large.

The children sang and danced and frolicked and that little shaver dominated the whole affair. When it was all over, I took him to his parents and asked them if I could use him in stage work.

They consented eagerly, for apparently the youngster had been in plenty of childish escapades and his parents always feared for his safety when he was out alone playing on the street.

About two weeks later a big benefit show was put on in New York. I decided to give that kid his chance that night, inasmuch as children were permitted on the stage at benefits although the law barred them from the stage in professional performances. So I coached him in a little song and he learned it readily.

Enrico Caruso, the immortal tenor, preceded me on the bill. I followed and gave what was billed as "Gus Edwards in Imitations of Caruso." After I got off the boards the time arrived for this little kid to go on. I gave him a few last-minute bits of advice, and out he went.

Did he sing the song I taught him? He did not! Did he do what I had coached him to do? He did not! He went out there, cool, calm, perfectly sure of himself. Very solemnly he bowed to the audience, which had to crane its neck to locate him.

An then this 5-year-old kid caused an absolute riot of laughter in that big theater by giving a wholly impromptu imitation of my imitations of Caruso.

No child actor in all history ever received the applause that youngster got that night. The cheers for him, the handclapping, the whistling, the wild acclaim almost brought the roof tumbling down upon him.

And that is how Georgie Price, long a star in musical shows, and also in dramas and comedies, got his start.

No story of Georgie Price is complete without the story of "Cuddles," who became "Lila Lee," of the film world, in the later years.

In 1910, a year or so after I had added Georgie to my cast, I put a new kid show into rehearsal at Union Hill, N. J. One of the songs I wrote for that revue was called "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine" and was a compliment to my friend Harry B. Warner, who was then starring in the play "Jimmy Valentine."

The song called for me to wear a mask. It also demanded that I have five little children lying around on the piano while I was singing, the same children who later were secreted in a stage safe and fell out of it, when, wearing my mask, and singing my song, I jimmied open the safe door.

Through some fault in the booking office I was ordered to put on the act on two days' instead of two weeks' notice. That made me so busy drilling my older children and familiarizing myself with my own work that I had not time left to select the five little tots needed for the "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine" number. So I put it up to the stage manager to hire those kids for me.

The best he could do was to get four—and not one was exceptional. They were children—that's all. I wanted at least one little youngster as a standout: one who could be coached quickly into speaking a few lines. None of these children was capable. Without the lines from a kid, in answer to my threats as a stage safe blower, the number was likely to be a flop.

While I sat in the dressing-room, fretting and fuming, I heard childish voices outside—children playing in the unpaved, muddy street. On a wild chance I went outside and looked at those children. There were six. Five were just children. The sixth was the little girl who quickly became a most remarkable child actress.

Her face was mud-splashed, her hands were dirty; her cheap little dress was dirty; her bare feet were the dirtiest I've ever seen. But her face—the face behind the mask of mud spatters—what wonderful beauty was this!

I introduced myself to her fat German mother, explained that I wanted to put her little girl in an act and asked permission.

"Will that keep her off the streets?" asked the mother.

"Yes."

"Then take her," granted the mother. "I can't take care of her during the days and when she is playing around with the other children I get worried."

So I hurried little Gussie to the theater, and, on the way, I asked:

"Would you like to be an actress?"

"Yeth," she lisped. "What ith an acthress?"

Then, hurriedly, I started coaching the little girl in her part. She was extraordinarily intelligent—she grasped quickly all that I was trying to convey.

An Eleven-Year Week-End

Little Gussie was the "hit" of the show when we opened. No one seemed to have eyes for anyone other than the little girl I had picked off the streets of that town only a few hours before where she had been splashing around in the mud.

We went into Philadelphia and the critics there went into raptures about her.

After Philadelphia the act went to New York. The Gerry Society there barred children from the stage. So I sent Gussie Appel home to her mother. But hardly had she left us than Mrs. Edwards and I began to feel mighty lonely for that little kid. This increased with the days and Mrs. Edwards finally went to Union Hill and asked Mrs. Appel if we could "borrow" Gussie for a week or so and have her as a guest in our home.

Gussie came to visit for a week—and stayed eleven years.

Along about the time "Cuddles," as we now called her, was 13 I decided that there must be a glorious chance for her in moving pictures. I took her to Jesse Lasky and Marshall Neilan, then his director, made the screen test. Both were excited with the result. Lasky wanted Cuddles under a five-year contract and, as a guardian for the girl, I made such a contract for her, which gave her the big chance in the movies and eventually enabled her to make a new contract for herself, when she reached maturity, that netted her $2,500 a week.

Just prior to Mrs. Edwards' departure for Los Angeles with Cuddles, where she was to get her film start, Lasky suggested that some name be chosen for her. From the day she came to live with us and all through her theatrical years she was known only as "Cuddles" or as "Cuddles" Edwards.

Mrs. Edwards' name was Lillian and so "Lillian" was changed to "Lila" and Cuddles thereafter became Lila Lee of filmdom. Lasky suggested the "Lee."

(To be concluded next week)

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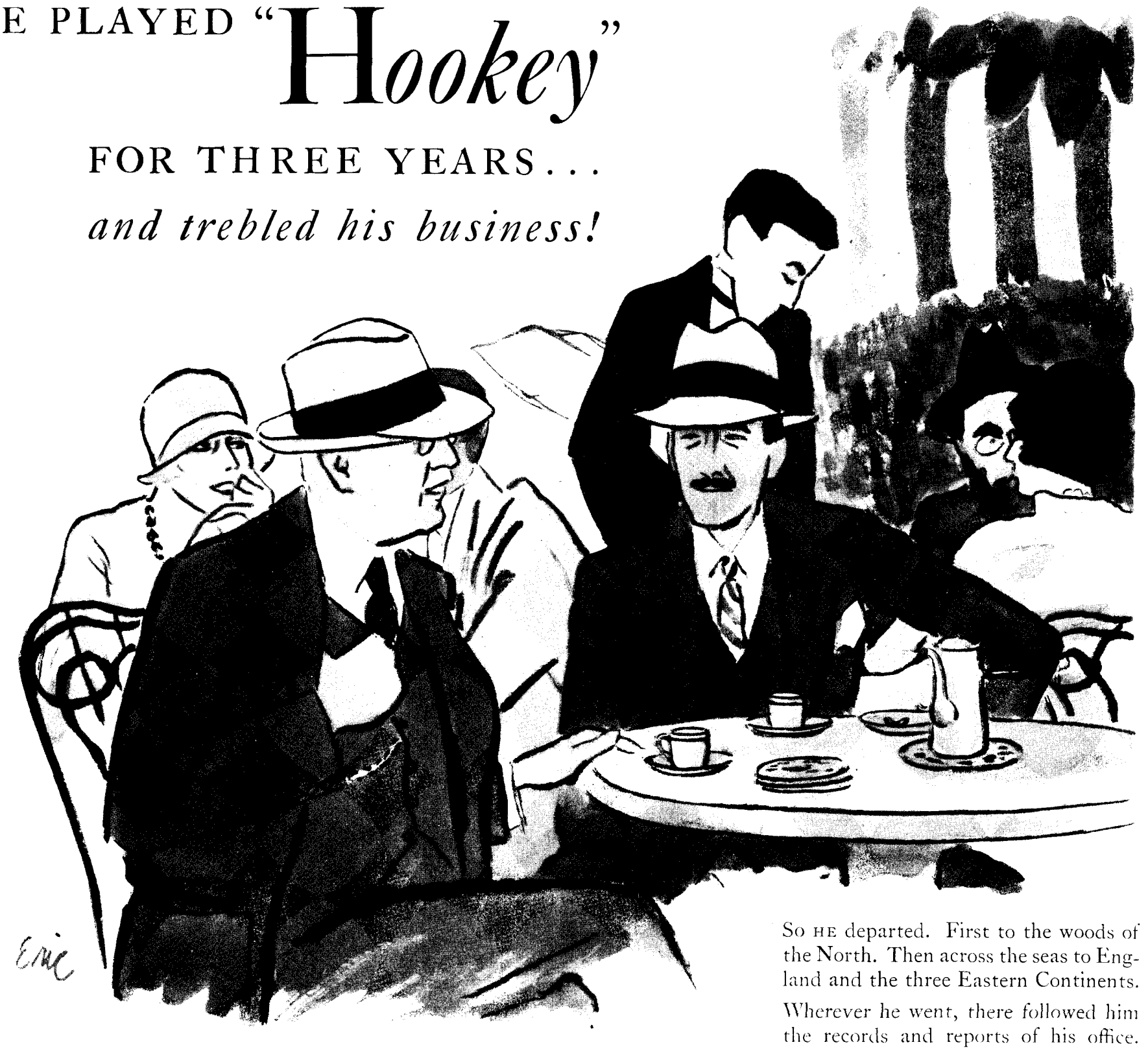

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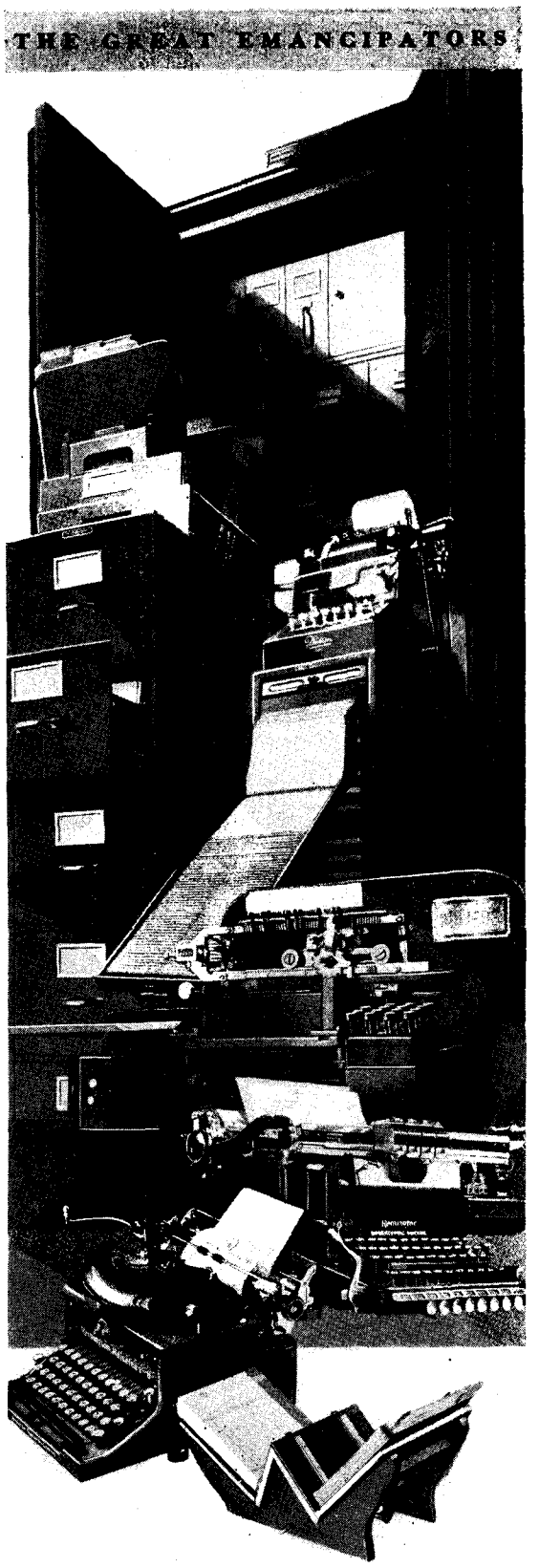

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"Fire that governess!" said Marian. "She's perfect; she does things for Jane I never did and never could do. But she's a machine."

"I live in that house too," he growled. "A machine was what I wanted."

"Somebody who wouldn't talk back?" (She wondered what drove her to jab him like that.) "But a machine won't do. Jane needs to be loved. Oh, I know you love her, but—"

"I'll have more time for her," he said, "after Christmas. There's to be a change in the office—"

"She needs more than you can ever give her, Paul."

"Well, you're a fine one to say that! If you hadn't—"

"If you hadn't—" she countered furiously. His fingers were twisting; he half started up. For an instant she thought he was going to strike her—or seize her hands; she waited, weak and breathless—he pushed back his chair and got up, with a wry grin.

"What a pair of fools we are, Marian! Let's try to be decent, anyway." He eyed her sharply. "That suit's positively threadbare. There's no sense your not letting me—"

"Not a nickel!" she told him, trembling with rage. At least she supposed it must be rage, though it didn't feel much like it afterward.

That week she took all the money she had and bought a smart new suit. She wore it out to Luxuriant Gardens on Sunday, but Paul had gone to play golf, so the gesture missed fire. Jane perplexed her with talk of Aunt Flora and Elinor.

"Elinor's Aunt Flora's little girl," the child explained eventually. "They were out here yesterday to spend the day."

"But who's Aunt Flora? I thought I knew all your father's people."

"Why, that's Mrs. Bassett. She asked me to call her Aunt Flora. Daddy said it would be all right."

"Oh!" said the woman who still called herself Mrs. Sturges.

SO WHEN he called her up a few days later and asked her to go to lunch she refused.

"But I want to talk to you!" he insisted, and she was just about to say "Yes" when he added, "About Jane. . . . No, no—she isn't sick. But if I let the governess go I'd hardly know what—"

"You'd better ask Aunt Flora," said Marian miserably.

They arranged by an exchange of diplomatic notes, stiffly formal, that Jane was to have her Christmas in two installments. On Christmas Eve her mother was to come out for dinner, while Paul went to the club. The next day he and Jane were going to have guests; he didn't say who they were but Marian was in no doubt. She would spend that day in her furnished room. . . . But, of course, she was free.

It seemed unnatural not to be planning a Christmas present for Paul; but after she saw that Electric Village in the toy store window she was thankful that all her Christmas money could be spent on Jane.

And she was very happy with Jane, in the warm spacious house, beside the tree that Paul had trimmed and lighted before he went off to the club. He had left no present for Marian, but when she opened the big box that Jane proudly gave her she knew he had collaborated; for here was a supply, a whole winter's supply, of the French underwear she loved. . . . Everything came too late, Marian reflected, as she began to unwrap her gift for Jane.

"O-o-oh!" the child screamed as she saw the name on the box. "The Electric Village! I saw it when I was in town one day with Miss Todd. Next day Daddy went to look for it, but it was gone. And you—"

"I got it for you, darling. Now as soon as we get it set up—"

Marian's voice faded out; she'd had no idea there were so many pieces when the thing was taken apart. And wires, and switches, and connections; and appliances whose meaning she couldn't even guess.

"I'll have to look at the directions first," she apologized.

But the directions were a book; it looked as long and intricate to Marian as a textbook on engineering. Before she had even read it through Miss Todd, the governess, came in with the news that Jane must go to bed.

Marian protested, and then argued, and then entreated; and finally lost her temper and almost screamed. But to everything Miss Todd opposed a simple toneless—"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sturges. Mr. Sturges' orders." So Marian, who could give no orders in that house, had to see her daughter dragged off to bed, crying hysterically.

"Never mind, darling!" she called. "Mother will set up your village. It will all be ready for you when you come down in the morning."

WHAT optimism that was, she reflected an hour later, sitting on the floor in the midst of a confusion of toy men, and toy houses, and wires, and lights, and jiggets, and doodads, that she understood not much better than when she had set to work. It was easy to get half of the thing together—any half; but after that the rest would fit in nowhere. And she must get it set up; Paul might come home at any moment—

Another hour; he hadn't come back, the work was still unfinished; and the last train left at 11:24. There was only one thing to do: Marian called up the club.

"Paul!" she said presently. "Come over to the house; I need you."

He slammed the receiver on the hook; five minutes later he looked down from the doorway at Marian, sitting helpless on the floor in the midst of a heap of inadjustable parts.

"Oh!" he said. "So it was you who bought that."

"I knew you'd buy it if you saw it," she confessed, "and I wanted to do one last thing for Jane that you couldn't do —or that woman either. . . . And now I can't put the damned thing together. I hate to ask you to help me just as much as you hate to do it; but for Jane—"

"Yes," he agreed, "for Jane—" He sat down on the floor.

She got up presently, and sat on the chaise longue, and watched his skillful fingers bringing the chaos to order. In ten minutes the village was assembled but when he plugged in the switch nothing happened.

"Some connection I overlooked," he grunted. "It's been a long time since I tinkered with a job like this."

"What?" Marian gasped. "When you've always loved to be busy fixing things—"

He grinned up at her—the first time either of them had grinned at the other in a year.

"I fix things in the office, now. Our organization's a worn-out machine; Flora Bassett's a great saleswoman but no executive. I'm doing a lot of tinkering and patching in the organization that ought to have been done years ago. Keeps me busy. . . . Now let's see if that switch will work—"

IT DIDN'T, but he kept on patiently; and Marian, watching him, found that the stiffness and tension had evaporated; she felt as much at ease with him here as if they were married. It was such a restful feeling that she never thought of the time till she heard the distant rumble of a departing train and cast a panicky glance at the clock on the mantel.

"Paul!" she gasped. "I've missed the last train!"

"Too bad!" he muttered absently, and twisted something in the mechanism of the Electric Village. Lights blazed in every house, a score of tiny figures set busily to work. He rose and came to her; he sat down on the chaise longue at her feet. She had flushed, and then turned white.

"Paul Sturges, you could have fixed that thing half an hour ago!"

"I wanted to talk to you," he said. "You never give me a chance—"

"But this isn't fair! I can't spend the night in this house!"

"It's a big house," he observed. "There's Miss Todd and the maid as chaperons. If that's what you mean."

"You know perfectly well," said Marian shakily, "that that isn't what I mean. And I think it's rotten of you to torment me this way—"

"Do you think I haven't been tormented, when you always hold me off?"

She didn't hold him off then; when his arms reached out for her she met him halfway. But presently she drew back and looked him in the eye.

"All right!" she said. "But I'm going back to town after breakfast. And if you—if you still want to marry Flora Bassett, go ahead. It's a cutthroat game; but she plays fair and so will I."

"Flora Bassett? Who said I wanted to marry her?"

"Well, if she and her child are coming out for Christmas dinner—"

"Flora? Lord no. Cousin Bert Foster and his family are coming out for Christmas dinner. Flora—well, I like her a lot, but—you're the only woman I want to marry. And if you—if you feel this way—"

"Oh, I do, I do! But, after all, this doesn't settle anything. At least not anything else—"

"The worst things have settled themselves, Marian—money, and my thickheadedness, and maybe your itch for freedom. As for the rest—do you know anybody who's settled everything? But if we do try again—"

Leaning against his shoulder, she began to laugh—a little hysterically, she was afraid.

"I'm not going back to town after breakfast, Paul! After breakfast, I'm going to fire Miss Todd."

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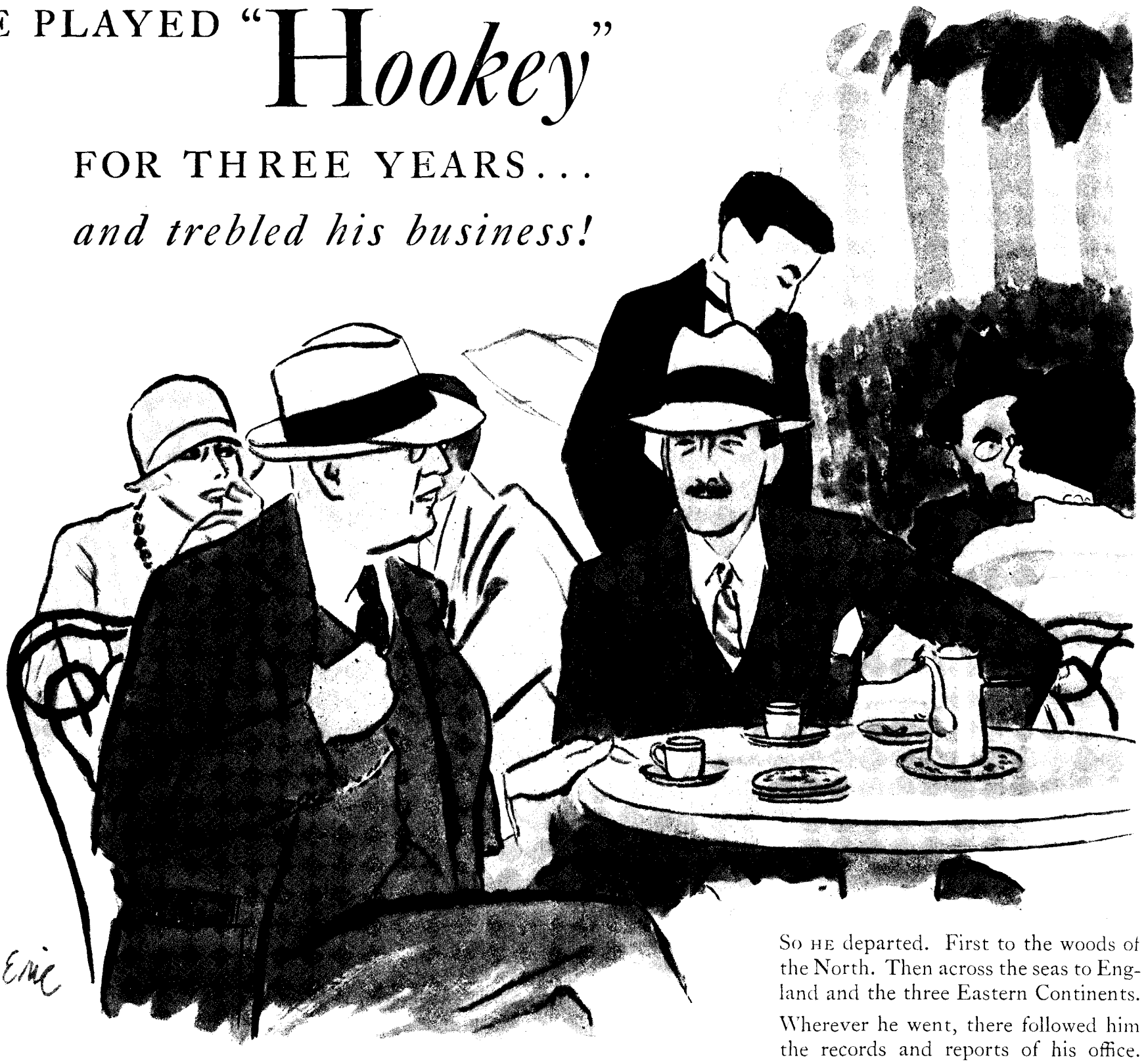

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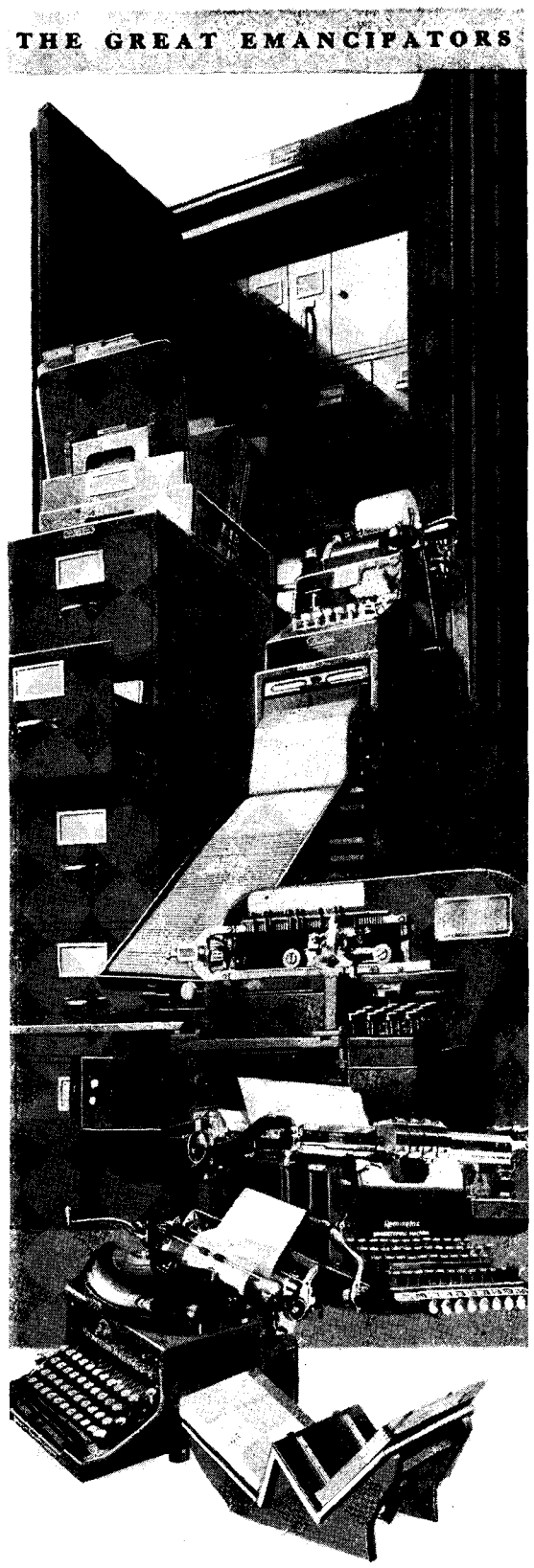

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She hated to think of it or talk of it, but worst of all she hated the suspicion that Paul had sent Mrs. Bassett to do his talking for him. . . . Or perhaps—Marian gasped. Perhaps she had been talking for herself. It was a cutthroat game, but some women played it fairly.

At first, when she went to see Jane, Paul was at home, and they made a ghastly pretense of friendliness. That had been dropped; now she had Jane to herself on Sundays, and the child who saw her rarely loved her more than ever. She seemed healthy enough; but whenever her mother left her she burst into hysterical weeping. So in October—just after the decree was made final—Marian wrote to Paul that she wanted to talk to him. He took her to lunch in town; silly that they couldn't be friends, she mused as they ate in silence, their stiff formality covering a hair-trigger tension. Then, when their cigarettes were lighted—

"Fire that governess!" said Marian. "She's perfect; she does things for Jane I never did and never could do. But she's a machine."

"I live in that house too," he growled. "A machine was what I wanted."

"Somebody who wouldn't talk back?" (She wondered what drove her to jab him like that.) "But a machine won't do. Jane needs to be loved. Oh, I know you love her, but—"

"I'll have more time for her," he said, "after Christmas. There's to be a change in the office—"

"She needs more than you can ever give her, Paul."

"Well, you're a fine one to say that! If you hadn't—"

"If you hadn't—" she countered furiously. His fingers were twisting; he half started up. For an instant she thought he was going to strike her—or seize her hands; she waited, weak and breathless—he pushed back his chair and got up, with a wry grin.

"What a pair of fools we are, Marian! Let's try to be decent, anyway." He eyed her sharply. "That suit's positively threadbare. There's no sense your not letting me—"

"Not a nickel!" she told him, trembling with rage. At least she supposed it must be rage, though it didn't feel much like it afterward.

That week she took all the money she had and bought a smart new suit. She wore it out to Luxuriant Gardens on Sunday, but Paul had gone to play golf, so the gesture missed fire. Jane perplexed her with talk of Aunt Flora and Elinor.

"Elinor's Aunt Flora's little girl," the child explained eventually. "They were out here yesterday to spend the day."

"But who's Aunt Flora? I thought I knew all your father's people."

"Why, that's Mrs. Bassett. She asked me to call her Aunt Flora. Daddy said it would be all right."

"Oh!" said the woman who still called herself Mrs. Sturges.

SO WHEN he called her up a few days later and asked her to go to lunch she refused.

"But I want to talk to you!" he insisted, and she was just about to say "Yes" when he added, "About Jane. . . . No, no—she isn't sick. But if I let the governess go I'd hardly know what—"

"You'd better ask Aunt Flora," said Marian miserably.

They arranged by an exchange of diplomatic notes, stiffly formal, that Jane was to have her Christmas in two installments. On Christmas Eve her mother was to come out for dinner, while Paul went to the club. The next day he and Jane were going to have guests; he didn't say who they were but Marian was in no doubt. She would spend that day in her furnished room. . . . But, of course, she was free.

It seemed unnatural not to be planning a Christmas present for Paul; but after she saw that Electric Village in the toy store window she was thankful that all her Christmas money could be spent on Jane.

And she was very happy with Jane, in the warm spacious house, beside the tree that Paul had trimmed and lighted before he went off to the club. He had left no present for Marian, but when she opened the big box that Jane proudly gave her she knew he had collaborated; for here was a supply, a whole winter's supply, of the French underwear she loved. . . . Everything came too late, Marian reflected, as she began to unwrap her gift for Jane.

"O-o-oh!" the child screamed as she saw the name on the box. "The Electric Village! I saw it when I was in town one day with Miss Todd. Next day Daddy went to look for it, but it was gone. And you—"

"I got it for you, darling. Now as soon as we get it set up—"

Marian's voice faded out; she'd had no idea there were so many pieces when the thing was taken apart. And wires, and switches, and connections; and appliances whose meaning she couldn't even guess.

"I'll have to look at the directions first," she apologized.

But the directions were a book; it looked as long and intricate to Marian as a textbook on engineering. Before she had even read it through Miss Todd, the governess, came in with the news that Jane must go to bed.

Marian protested, and then argued, and then entreated; and finally lost her temper and almost screamed. But to everything Miss Todd opposed a simple toneless—"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sturges. Mr. Sturges' orders." So Marian, who could give no orders in that house, had to see her daughter dragged off to bed, crying hysterically.

"Never mind, darling!" she called. "Mother will set up your village. It will all be ready for you when you come down in the morning."

WHAT optimism that was, she reflected an hour later, sitting on the floor in the midst of a confusion of toy men, and toy houses, and wires, and lights, and jiggets, and doodads, that she understood not much better than when she had set to work. It was easy to get half of the thing together—any half; but after that the rest would fit in nowhere. And she must get it set up; Paul might come home at any moment—

Another hour; he hadn't come back, the work was still unfinished; and the last train left at 11:24. There was only one thing to do: Marian called up the club.

"Paul!" she said presently. "Come over to the house; I need you."

He slammed the receiver on the hook: five minutes later he looked down from the doorway at Marian, sitting helpless on the floor in the midst of a heap of inadjustable parts.

"Oh!" he said. "So it was you who bought that."

"I knew you'd buy it if you saw it," she confessed, "and I wanted to do one last thing for Jane that you couldn't do—or that woman either. . . . And now I can't put the damned thing together. I hate to ask you to help me just as much as you hate to do it; but for Jane—"

"Yes," he agreed, "for Jane—" He sat down on the floor.

She got up presently, and sat on the chaise longue, and watched his skillful fingers bringing the chaos to order. In ten minutes the village was assembled but when he plugged in the switch nothing happened.

"Some connection I overlooked," he grunted. "It's been a long time since I tinkered with a job like this."

"What?" Marian gasped. "When you've always loved to be busy fixing things—"

He grinned up at her—the first time either of them had grinned at the other in a year.

"I fix things in the office, now. Our organization's a worn-out machine; Flora Bassett's a great saleswoman but no executive. I'm doing a lot of tinkering and patching in the organization that ought to have been done years ago. Keeps me busy. . . . Now let's see if that switch will work—"

IT DIDN'T, but he kept on patiently; and Marian, watching him, found that the stiffness and tension had evaporated; she felt as much at ease with him here as if they were married. It was such a restful feeling that she never thought of the time till she heard the distant rumble of a departing train and cast a panicky glance at the clock on the mantel.

"Paul!" she gasped. "I've missed the last train!"

"Too bad!" he muttered absently, and twisted something in the mechanism of the Electric Village. Lights blazed in every house, a score of tiny figures set busily to work. He rose and came to her; he sat down on the chaise longue at her feet. She had flushed, and then turned white.

"Paul Sturges, you could have fixed that thing half an hour ago!"

"I wanted to talk to you," he said. "You never give me a chance—"

"But this isn't fair! I can't spend the night in this house!"

"It's a big house," he observed. "There's Miss Todd and the maid as chaperons. If that's what you mean."

"You know perfectly well," said Marian shakily, "that that isn't what I mean. And I think it's rotten of you to torment me this way—"

"Do you think I haven't been tormented, when you always hold me off?"

She didn't hold him off then; when his arms reached out for her she met him halfway. But presently she drew back and looked him in the eye.

"All right!" she said. "But I'm going back to town after breakfast. And if you—if you still want to marry Flora Bassett, go ahead. It's a cutthroat game; but she plays fair and so will I."

"Flora Bassett? Who said I wanted to marry her?"

"Well, if she and her child are coming out for Christmas dinner—"

"Flora? Lord no. Cousin Bert Foster and his family are coming out for Christmas dinner. Flora—well, I like her a lot, but—you're the only woman I want to marry. And if you—if you feel this way—"

"Oh, I do, I do! But, after all, this doesn't settle anything. At least not anything else—"

"The worst things have settled themselves, Marian—money, and my thickheadedness, and maybe your itch for freedom. As for the rest—do you know anybody who's settled everything? But if we do try again—"

Leaning against his shoulder, she began to laugh—a little hysterically, she was afraid.

"I'm not going back to town after breakfast, Paul! After breakfast, I'm going to fire Miss Todd."

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Just One Thing

"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-C. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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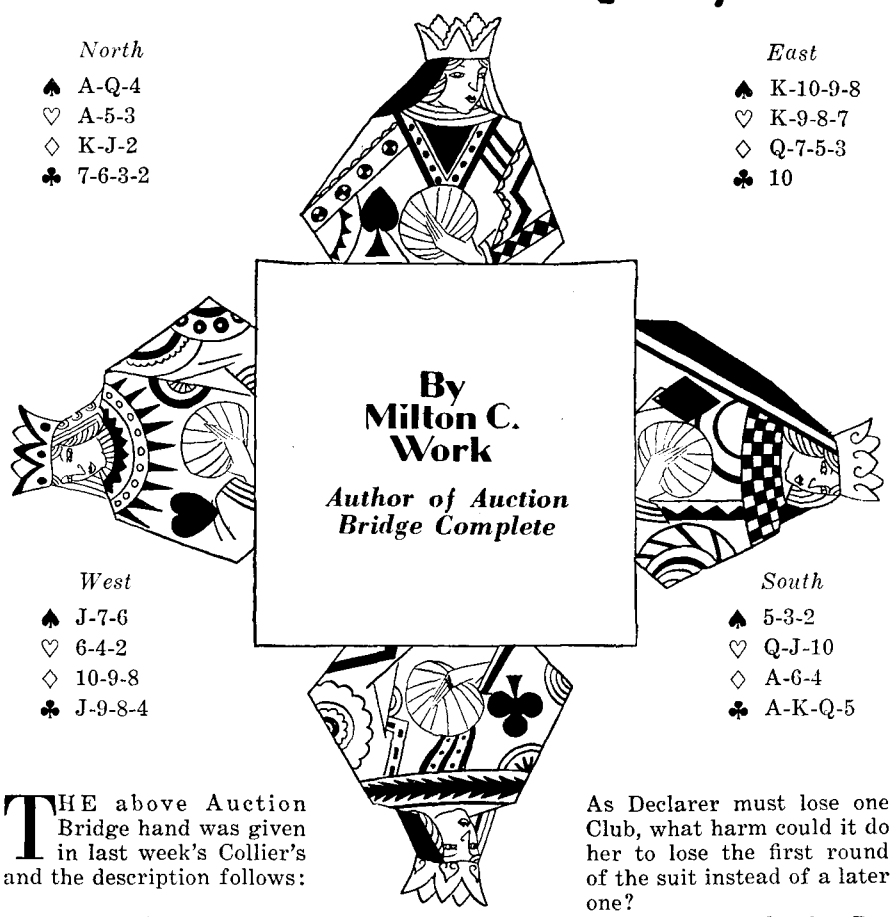
How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's and the description follows:

The Auction

South opened with one No Trump. With this hand one school would try to find out where the strong Spades were located and so would start with a Club and approach the No Trump gradually. The other school would contend that bidding one Club does not picture the full strength of the hand; and in the long run the best results are obtained by bidding No Trump when the hand sizes up to No Trump requirements—as South's hand surely does.

West passed and North bid two No Trumps, which obtained this contract. This would be considered doubtful by some, because probably unnecessary. But, in spite of North's strength, it is possible that a bid of any one of the four suits by East, calling for that lead from West, might be embarrassing to South if North subsequently bid two No Trumps as she doubtless would.

At Contract Bridge South would bid one No Trump; North, with a count of 14, two over the minimum generally required for the double jump, would bid three at once.

The Play

West opened her only four-card suit, leading the Four of Clubs. Dummy played the Deuce, East the Ten. Declarer could then count three Club tricks, two Diamond tricks, two Heart tricks and one Spade trick—one short of game. Of course she had finesses to take in Spades, Hearts and Diamonds; and if these three finesses succeeded, she would make a total of eleven tricks; but even with everything right, there would be no chance for a Small Slam. The hand was of the type which we see occasionally, North and South having exactly the same number of cards in each suit, in which no opportunity is afforded for either hand to obtain discards upon established cards of a suit led from the other hand. It was absolutely certain that the Declarer must lose one Club and one Spade. She knew that West had opened a four-card suit, and, as Dummy and Closed Hand each had four Clubs, that East's Ten of Clubs played on the first trick must have been a singleton. As Declarer must lose one Club, what harm could it do her to lose the first round of the suit instead of a later one?

In most hands the Declarer wishes the lead to be up to the Closed Hand, and in such cases frequently utilizes a small card of the adverse suit to place the lead (late in the hand) with the adversary on her left so as to force her to lead a suit advantageous to Declarer. In this instance, however, the shoe was on the other foot. Declarer wanted leads up to Dummy. So she made the unusual play of placing the lead on the first trick by ducking East's Ten of Clubs, although she had three Clubs with which she could take that trick. East must lead a Spade, Heart or Diamond and, regardless of her choice, the lead must be advantageous to Declarer.

East selected a Heart. Declarer false-carded, playing the Queen from Closed Hand, which held the trick.

Declarer now decided to see how discarding would affect the East hand; so to trick 3 she led the Ace of Clubs, on which East discarded the Trey of Diamonds. The King of Clubs produced from East a discard of the Eight of Spades and the Queen of Clubs placed East in an awkward position. Any discard she made might weaken her hand seriously. She decided in favor of a Heart. South then could read the situation with great accuracy; she could place the King and one other Heart in East's hand, so she led a Heart from Closed Hand to trick 6 and won in the Dummy; and to trick 7 led a Heart from Dummy, placing East once more in the lead. It mattered not whether East led a Spade or a Diamond; either lead insured game for Declarer.

Next week's hand is given below; bid it and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. A-9-3	S. K-5-2
H. K-7-6	H. Q-J-10
D. 10-9-3	D. 7-6-5-4
C. K-7-6-3	C. Q-J-8
West	*South*
S. Q-J-8-7-6	S. 10-4
H. 9-8-5-3	H. A-4-2
D. K	D. A-Q-J-8-2
C. 10-9-2	C. A-5-4

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 21

ex-fiancée he would know that it was through unwillingness to touch a sore spot. . . .

Of course, the servants knew that the invalid in his bedroom was soon to become the mistress of the house. Tracy told Hogan, told him in a colorless voice that forbade any comment even from this devoted servitor. But Hogan had not offered the mockery of congratulation. As for Nurse Evans, her manner took on a strange coldness, but what did Tracy care?

And now, on this first day when Dr. Blanchard had given his consent for the patient to leave the house, they had driven downtown together and been married.

The ceremony itself had made no impression upon Tracy.

BUT now, as it receded behind him, its implications took hold, and all the conventionality that was his background rebelled against the outrageous thing he had done, the wicked thing that he had persuaded this young girl to do. Or perhaps, instead of these implications, this thrusting into the foreground of a hazy background, it was the expression on the girl's face that made him realize what he—she, too—had done.

"How can one be sure of understanding anything about a man like you?" she demanded.

He met her anger with an equal rage.

"You value yourself too highly," he said. "You have nothing—that I want."

"And I," she told him, "would never wish to give anything."

"You may even," he went on, "rest assured that after your usefulness to me has ceased, I shall in no way interfere with any plans you may care to make for the future."

"My usefulness," she sneered—"will cease, I suppose, as soon as Miss Wilson is aware that you were able to forget your grief in marriage?"

"Not quite," he said. "I do not wish her to think that I merely—was married. I wish our marriage, apparently, to be a happy one."

"You think we can successfully impose such a pretense on anyone?" she asked.

"Unless you try," he said, "I shall feel that what you said—about being willing to repay me, was a cheap promise, with no honest intent behind it."

He felt, angrily, that he sounded bookish, unreal. But the situation in which they found themselves was so outside his experience that he knew no way to meet it.

"I shall keep my word," she said.

Then she turned her head away from him, and they arrived in silence at the house. Behind Hogan could be seen the smiling face of Nora and Kinjo, the Jap cook, a chef's cap looking strangely out of place above his swarthy countenance.

But the welcome that had been planned for the bride and groom died a-borning. Even loyal old Hogan could not maintain the pretense of celebration. Not in the face of the set, stern countenances of these two young people. So the planned boisterousness became a curtsy on the part of Nora, a sickly grin on the part of Kinjo, and an abashed lowering of the eyelids on the part of Hogan.

Then, in the library, the young couple were alone. Tracy was first to break the silence.

"It is usual," he said, "for a newly married couple to go on a wedding trip."

"Whatever you like," she replied, indifferently.

"It's what *you* like," he said.

"I?" She shrugged. "If my usefulness"—she stressed the word—"can be increased by a wedding journey, then I suppose it is my duty to become enthusiastic at the prospect."

He sat down deliberately, first placing a chair for her.

"Suppose," he said, "that we come to a reasonable understanding. Anger, recrimination, quarreling, will get us nowhere. We both very deliberately did a thing. We are both—well, not proud of it. But—we've done it. We must continue, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, to pretend we are happy. That will be difficult if—we quarrel when we are alone. I shall not inflict myself upon you forever. After a reasonable length of time, I shall not interfere with your procuring a divorce. In the meantime, suppose we show that courtesy to each other which will make it possible for us not to be—too miserable."

Her face softened slightly.

"Let's," she said, with a return of the impulsiveness that had seemed part of her. "At least, if we despise ourselves, let's not try to despise each other."

"Fair enough," said Tracy.

They found themselves shaking hands on the bargain, and Tracy was aware of the fact that her hand was both soft and firm at the same time.

"I should like, if you don't mind, not to go anywhere," she said. "I—I'm still tired."

"Of course," said Tracy.

He watched her go from the room, and he was conscious of admiration for the dignity with which she moved. In the doorway she stopped and looked back.

"May I—dine in my room?" she asked.

He nodded assent. Then she was gone. He sank into a chair, to remain, absolutely still, until Hogan announced dinner. Then, white, strained, worrying about what Hogan was thinking even while he assured himself that it didn't matter what Hogan thought, he dined. That ordeal successfully undergone, he instructed Hogan to tell any newspaper men who, having learned of his marriage, would wish to revive the sensation of last week that he and Mrs. Tracy—how odd the title sounded—were out of town. Then he went to that room which he had occupied since Joyce's arrival in his house.

HOW cheap a thing revenge was! And how futile, especially when one's revenge reacted—as all revenge must—upon one's self. What an ass! What a wicked fool! He, Laurence Tracy, to have married a woman about whom he knew nothing beyond the fact that her name had been Joyce Carroll.

But there were, in this city, others who knew more of his wife than the man who had married her. And one of these, aptly though not euphoniously known as Ratty Rogan, looked up from the evening paper, with its glaring headline:

LAURENCE TRACY MARRIES
JOYCE CARROLL
Jilted Fiancé of Helen Wilson Finds Solace with Another Girl

"So," said Rogan, "that's where she went. That's what happened. How in hell did she cop herself a swell like that? And what do I get for keeping me mouth shut about—everything?"

For the Tracy-Carroll wedding was to stir more than the upper world. The underworld would ripple also.

(*To be continued next week*)

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

When King Cod comes in

HAVE you ever seen a cod-fishing fleet scudding home, loaded to the plimsoll line with its catch? It's a thrilling sight for a landlubber. On shore, weather-beaten men in oilskins and sou'westers stand waiting, ready for instant action — there must not be a moment's delay if the precious oil from the fish is to meet the exacting standards set up by Parke, Davis & Company.

You may never have realized, when your doctor prescribed Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-Liver Oil, that its wealth of health-giving vitamins depends upon methods unknown a few years ago. Parke-Davis scientific experts helped materially to spread knowledge of these new methods among the fisherfolk of New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.

"Look lively, men!"

Every precaution is taken to preserve and stabilize the oil's vitamin content. Quick work is necessary. The "rendering" often begins on the open sea, long before the ship makes port. Knives glitter in deft hands. Soon thousands of fresh, vitamin-rich cod livers are a-bubble in steaming cauldrons.

Then comes the refining. The fresh oil is chilled below the freezing point and passed through huge filter presses in order to remove the unpleasant "stearine." It is next piped into metal-lined containers from which all air is excluded—for air would lower the oil's vitamin potency. And then the containers are hermetically sealed and shipped to our laboratories.

Now comes a most important step. The oil is tested for purity and is *standardized*—that is, biologically assayed for vitamin richness. It must do more than merely meet U. S. Pharmacopoeia standards; it must satisfy Parke-Davis standards. Any lot of oil that does not measure up to our own high requirements is promptly rejected.

Do you know these two important vitamins?

The benefits derived from taking cod-liver oil depend very largely on the vitamins it contains—growth-promoting Vitamin A and rickets-preventing Vitamin D.

Physicians say that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

And, of course, the rôle that cod-liver oil plays as an aid to nutrition is universally recognized. Adults, too, benefit from its disease-resisting properties.

Cod-liver oil is needed more than ever during this season of shorter days and consequent lack of sunlight. Experience has taught parents as well as physicians that cod-liver oil helps the children through the winter.

PARKE-DAVIS Standardized Cod-Liver Oil

It is light in color, practically odorless, and free from harmful fats. It is so highly refined that it leaves no unpleasant after-taste.

It is so rich in vitamins that each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 1 pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much Vitamin D as 7.5 eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-Liver Oil.

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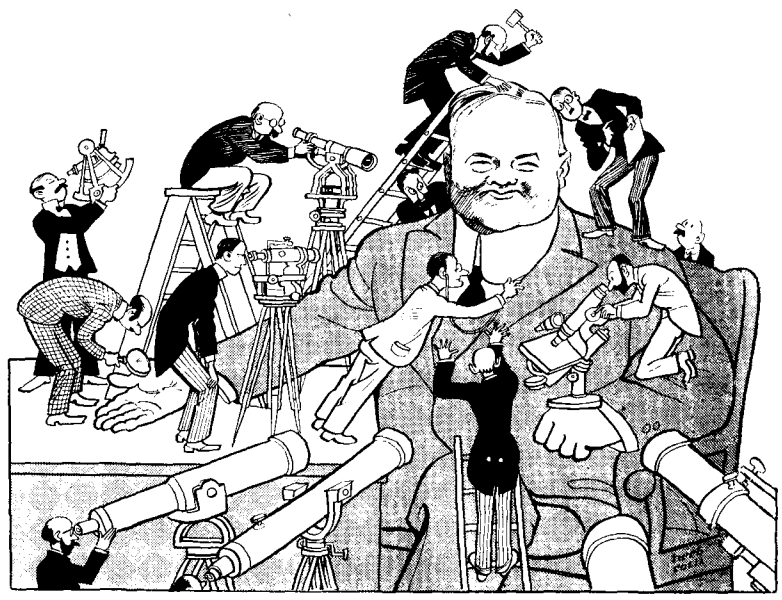

Mister X

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

HERBERT HOOVER is the most unpredictable man who has been elected to the Presidency in many years. One could guess what kind of President Governor Smith would have made. Or, to take the President-elect's chief rivals for the Republican nomination, one could guess what kind of President General Dawes would have made, or what kind of President ex-Governor Lowden would have made. But guesses are many and various as to what kind of President Mr. Hoover will make.

Mr. Mencken called him a "fat Coolidge" but, like all witty summaries of so various a thing as a human being, Mr. Mencken's epigrammatic characterization is untrue. Mr. Coolidge is negative. Mr. Hoover is positive. Mr. Coolidge is static. Mr. Hoover is dynamic.

It is because the President-elect contains the promise of action that business preferred others to him as a candidate for the Republican nomination. No one can quite count upon the restless energy that has been dammed up in him by the restraints of a candidacy and before that by the limitations restricting a subordinate in a static administration.

Mr. Hoover was committed for the purposes of this election to the Coolidge policies. But it is the man behind the policies that counts. In the campaign he seemed unhappy, impatient, like one who did not enjoy the rôle he was forced by the exigencies of politics to play.

The Mystery Man

There are seeming contradictions in him. In 1920, declaring his politics, he asserted that he was a progressive. Yet he has been the faithful supporter of two reactionary administrations, not only their supporter but their spokesman. What kind of butterfly will come out of this chrysalis, the wrappings which ambition, the traditions of politics, and the pussy-footing politicians impose upon a candidate?

Two kinds of people surround him: the Republican politicians who have attached themselves to him like barnacles, and his older and more trusted associates of the war period and of the relief work after the war. There were in the National Republican headquarters both kinds, with the candidate seeming to impose greater confidence in his older allies. In a great many states there was a duplicate organization, the regular Republican organization with the politicians in charge and a Hoover organization, always with some Belgian or other foreign relief man or some food administration man in charge.

The man closest to Hoover--there is, of course, a good deal of speculation about who the man closest to him is—is said to be one Mr. Rickard, formerly in Belgian relief, inevitably spoken of as the Colonel House of the new administration. I am not even sure that I spell the name of this man of mystery correctly, but it is better so. It adds to the piquancy of speculation about what the real Mr. Hoover is, not to be able to spell certainly the name of the man who is always at his elbow.

Which Will It Be?

As to the politicians, Mr. Hoover has lost faith in several of them during the campaign, in Dr. Work and in Senator George Moses, for example. He seems to feel that politicians are, while rather alien to him, a regrettable necessity.

With these two groups near him, pulling him in opposite directions, predictions of two opposite kinds are made. One is that he will be a Republican Grover Cleveland, going his own way, indifferent to his party, giving a great administration, but leaving not enough Republicans to count.

And the other is that, having started upon the road of politics, he will go the whole journey and that his administration will be as assiduously attentive to the Republican politicians as that of Mr. Coolidge has been, while Mr. Hoover is swathed in the wrappings that have been about him during this campaign.

One prediction envisages an administration of experts. And the other the carrying out of Mr. Mencken's epigram. The Republican politicians do not feel as sure as they would like to that the second prediction will come true.

Mr. Hoover has been a dictator in Europe and in the recent campaign an obedient instrument in the hands of politicians. Which will he be, one, the other, or a compromise between the two? He once said to a man he was sending on a mission, "What I demand above all else is personal loyalty." That bodes ill for the politicians, for they owe their first loyalty to their party.

Well, he is the hope of the next four years. And it is possible to hope about him, for until he comes out of his wrappings the possibilities are almost without limit.

Ally takes a Stand

Continued from page 11

conditions, would describe it this way," she began, thinking it out as she spoke.

"He'd say, first of all, that you were the sort of man who was made to succeed. Success would be your life job. That meant, of course, that you were not the ordinary type of man. It meant in your case, and in most cases like it"—he saw her feeling her way, trying to make herself clear without hurting him—"it meant that the people connected with you either had to go with you or go down before you."

He nodded, satisfied. She did understand—so far.

"From the time you left college," she said, "you had just one idea. You meant to succeed, to get rich. The Strongs had been comfortable, but they had never had much money. You were going to add money—lots of it—to the local Strong prestige and traditions. Then you'd have everything—the prestige, the traditions, the money and the power that money gives. And *then* you'd decide what you'd do with them all."

Strong looked at his daughter in silence. He was deeply interested. It suddenly came to him that they two had never had a real talk before. Odd to be having it on this subject.

"*You married Mother in your stride,*" Aileen went on. "You didn't really love her—ever. But you and she had played together when you were children, and there was the long-established association, and perhaps a little flash-in-the-pan of sentiment between you when you were a freshman, and you became engaged. Love didn't mean much to you, but you considered yourself bound and so did she and so did the two families. So you were married the month you were graduated, and that was that. It meant life and the world and all that was in both to Mother, but it didn't mean much more than a gesture to you."

Strong's eyes left his daughter's face and turned toward the open window. He was immensely amazed. Every word the girl was saying was true.

"*I suppose you think,*" the young voice went on, "that you've been a wonderful husband and father. You haven't. Your idea of marriage was the checkbook idea. You gave Mother a generous allowance from the very beginning, and you increased it as fast as your fortune increased. Then you forgot her. She was just someone around to look after your house and to make you comfortable.

"WHEN you were at home, which was as little as you could be, you were absorbed in your own interests. You didn't pay the slightest attention to Mother or to me. She accepted that as the natural thing. You were busy, and everything you did was all right. But to me you were just a man who came to the house evenings and sat at the table with us sometimes and then went into his study and shut the door.

"I used to envy children I saw with their fathers," she added reflectively. "I never felt that I really had one. I suppose you don't realize it, but you never came to see me once during the four years I was at college. You didn't even come to see me graduated. Every girl in my class except myself was surprised by that. But you sent me big checks and an automobile, and you let me put my roommate through college when her father died in her freshman year and she'd have had to leave. . . . I was grateful to you for that . . . for giving her her chance. . . . I always knew that when it was a question of money Mother and I could have anything we wanted.

"That wasn't because you loved us. It didn't mean any sacrifice or even any thought on your part. Your fortune was getting larger every year. The only time you could feel like a family man was when you paid the bills or sent one of us a big check. I used to think you must rather like doing that—that it must be a sort of salve to your conscience. But I was wrong about that, for as soon as you had a good private secretary you let him look after all your household bills and you told us to write to him when we needed money.

"When Mother went West on that one big visit of her life she wasn't going to see her cousin, as you thought. She was going to Minnesota for a dangerous operation.

"When I had appendicitis at college, and almost died, you weren't told either. Our slogan was that you had enough worries away from home—that you must never have any worries at home."

Almost dispassionately Strong checked up the points she made. He was intensely interested, but not so much in the arraignment as in the girl who was making it—this child of his that he was *meeting soul to soul for the first time.*

"WHEN you entered a new phase and developed a social ambition, we had to fail you," she was now saying. "We couldn't entertain your new friends. We're born home makers; we're not social lights. You're a born financier and fortune maker, but you were never a husband and a father. You weren't human. You didn't want the love we gave you. You had no love for us. You've remained under the same roof, but you and Mother haven't lived together as husband and wife for fifteen years."

Strong frowned. Young girls said anything they pleased nowadays, but he'd certainly stop this one if she proceeded farther along that line. She *didn't. Instead she stopped again, plainly* expecting him to say something. He brought out the only sentence his lips would frame.

"You said in the beginning," he reminded her, "that you understood my side of this."

"We do. We have all along. You unconsciously expected us to be all you needed, all the time. You needed a home; we made it. You needed shock absorbers; we made ourselves shock absorbers. You never needed love or companionship, so we didn't offer them. Then you decided that you needed society stuff. Well, as I've admitted, that's where we had to fail you. That's your side of it.

"Even if I could have made Mother understand your wishes, even if I could have forced her to try to meet them, *she'd have made a grotesque failure of* the effort. I might measure up to your specifications, but I won't. Frankly, it doesn't seem to me worth while. My mother has given you all her youth, and I've given you all of mine except four years. Why should I continue to sacrifice myself to your inordinate ambition and greed? Mother can't, and I won't. My way lies with her."

Her father caught at the words that hit him hardest.

"Inordinate ambition and greed," he slowly quoted. "So that's what you call it!"

"That's what I call it," Aileen admitted. "I think that's what the ob-

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server I've tried to be would call it. I've often wondered if you knew what it was all leading to," she ended musingly.

"Do you think you do?"

Instead of answering she asked a question:

"There's no other woman in your life, is there? No one you've fallen in love with lately?"

"No—of course there isn't."

"I thought there wasn't. So you haven't even that excuse for the thing you're doing. You're doing it in cold blood."

She seemed to think this over for a moment, but before he could speak she went on:

"You have a plan, of course. You realize that you can't build your new life alone. You think you'll find the right woman. You're going to look for her, and take your time to it. But—I don't think you'll find her. However," —she seemed to recall his question, and now she obviously settled down to her reply—"I think some woman who doesn't care a rap for you will marry you some day for your money. I think she'll give you the sort of establishment you want, because she'll want it too. She'll want to spend money and entertain and cut a dash. She'll look well at the head of your table and in society and she'll be a million miles away from you the rest of the time.

"She'll never dream of saving your nerves or your sensibilities. She'll plump you into a life for which you are as unprepared as the baby we've made of you, and she'll put you through straight hell. I think you'll lie awake at night sweating over the predicament you've got yourself into and wishing with your whole soul that you were back home with us. I think you'll live a very lonely man and die, when your time comes, a bitterly disappointed one. That's what I think, Father—since you ask me. But I hope I'm all wrong. Like Mother," she smiled a twisted smile, "'I want you should be happy.'"

She rose. The interview was ended. Strong exhaled the breath he had been holding, and watched her uncertainly as she walked toward the door which she had left ajar when she entered. There she stopped again, her hand on the knob.

"Oh," she said, "there's one thing more: Your secretary mustn't send us any more checks. Hereafter I'm going to take care of Mother."

"What damned nonsense is this?"

STRONG spoke violently, shocked out of his self-control and getting quickly to his feet to meet the new issue.

"I've just been talking it over with her," Aileen explained. "Naturally I had to take a stand in this matter. I knew neither of us could take any more money from you now that we won't be working for you. As it happens, I've done rather well at college. We didn't mention that to you. We didn't think you'd be interested. But the dean died this year, and I've been offered her place —on trial, of course. The trustees say I have executive ability. I'm too young for the big job, but they say I'll get over that. A nice little furnished house goes with the position and a fair salary, so Mother and I will be comfortable. I'm writing the college tonight. Of course I hadn't accepted the offer, because when I was graduated I still hoped to marry Henry."

For the first time her young features twisted. "Poor Henry!" she said unsteadily, as if the words had broken from her. "If he wants to wait, we may pull it off later. But I realize now that we mustn't even think of it for two or three years."

"Ally—for God's sake!" Strong stood staring at the girl, his head whirling. He strode across the room and caught Aileen's arm.

"See here," he groaned, "this whole business is a mistake! I—I hadn't thought it out. I'm not going. I've changed my mind!"

"It's too late for that."

"But—my God, Ally, I don't want to go. I haven't really wanted to go since I got up into this room. . . . And turning Mary out of her home—it isn't to be thought of. Can't you understand? I tell you I *won't* go! Send your mother here!"

"Do you suppose she could ever forget that you *wanted* to go?" Aileen asked. "Do you suppose she'd ever live with you again after that?" . . .

"Of course he s'poses I'd live with him again after that!"

Mary Strong's capable hand thrust her daughter aside, and Mary Strong's plump little figure filled the doorway. "Don't you say another word to your pa, Aileen. You've said too much already. I've been listening to you, an' where you got all those notions beats me."

SHE cast a startled glance at her husband's face and hurriedly pushed the girl across the threshold. "I been listening to your talk," she repeated. "Now you run downstairs and let your pa and me settle this ourselves. It's our business, not yours. There, there, David," she added soothingly, as she closed the door and hurried back to her husband's side. He had dropped into his chair again, his arm across its back and his big head on his arm.

"Don't you take on over everything that chit said," Mary Strong continued in her comfortable, undisturbed tones. "The idea of talking to her pa like that! What does she know about married life, anyway? I'll have a talk with her later." The speaker's lips set. "And if she can do anything for you I'll see she does it. If she's got 'executive ability' like she says, we'll show her where to use it. We'll let her marry Henry and then her and you can build the big new house and I'll see there's enough closets in it, which there ain't in this one and there's never been."

"I don't want a big new house," her husband declared in choked tones.

"Then you needn't have it. You needn't have anything you don't want. But I want you should have all you *do* want after this, now I see how much store you set by it. We might put a couple wings on this house. More pantries and laundry-room on one side and rooms for the servants, and the new-fangled big living-room and lib'ary and dining-room and anything else you want on the other side—"

The man's voice broke out again:

"Mary, can you ever forgive me?"

"Hush, David. I knew you didn't mean a word you said. You ain't the first man that's had a brainstorm, and I guess you won't be the last."

Aileen Strong, dazedly making her way along the hall, stopped abruptly at the next sound that reached her ears. It was a hoarse, tearing, strangled sound, immediately checked and covered by her mother's reassuring, "Now David, there, there!"

"But I *did* mean it," Strong brought out. "I don't know how I *could* have meant it, but I did. Oh, Mary!"

"You jest thought you did. I knew better. You don't want to leave us, and you know you don't. You were just like a little boy that thinks he wants to run away for a day or two. You don't want to leave us."

Mary Strong's tones were the cajoling ones she would have used to a small son, and Strong replied as the boy might have done.

"I don't," he gulped. "Oh, you bet I don't—Mother!"

G O O D N I G H T

The Book-Cadillac Hotel
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DETROIT

GOOD NIGHT

. . . and in the morning, the telephone jingles . . . a cheery voice tells it is seven and you rub your eyes and disappear *again* twenty fathoms under woolly blue blankets. A flighty, piping wind beats 'round the open windows—they should be down. The radiators sing a useless song. Your better, far better half, sets sail for forty other winks. You start to follow, but conscience makes you cowardly. You snuggle deeper and wide eyed memory brings pictures of lordly bacon and golden toast, flaky, yellow waffles in puddles of golden syrup and floating islands of butter, whole pots of coffee. *and* . . . your bed covers explode! You *jam* down the windows! and to a tuneless whistled tune you race through the shower a minute ahead of the sweetest girl. Captain Room Service appears with a hot and savoury breakfast for two, in your room. *Good Morning!* What a *wonderful* sleep! See you soon?

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director
DETROIT

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Royal Rages

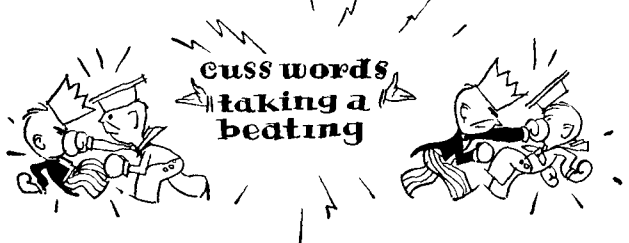
By Jack Binns

KING ALEXANDER of Jugoslavia is reported to be so confirmed a radio fan that he builds his own apparatus. His latest effort is a receiver with which he hopes to pick up American broadcast stations using very short waves.

Too bad history does not record the royal language that is used when a battery wire is crossed or wrongly connected.

I would love to learn the regal words that are the equivalents of the ones I use in explosive moments.

Ah, well, we'll never know, and anyway mine were learned from many years at sea and they will take a lot of beating.



Breaking the Chains

It is safe to predict that one order of the Federal Radio Commission will never go into effect. It is the one which provides that two or more stations on cleared waves shall not broadcast chain programs simultaneously more than one hour daily after 7 P. M. unless they are separated by a distance of more than 300 miles. The commission has already postponed the effective date of this order once, and it is my conviction it will continue to postpone the evil date.

The enforcement of this order would ruin radio broadcasting. It would mean that not more than five stations could carry the same program throughout the entire distance between New York and San Francisco, for the very simple reason that the 300-mile measure is the radius of the circle that would cut off each chain station from the other. Moreover, cities are not so mindful of the Federal Radio Commission in the matter of their geographical location. All of New England, New York State, much of Pennsylvania and the east coast states would have to be satisfied with a single New York station as their particular chain broadcaster.

We do not know very much about the financial affairs of the companies operating the chains, but I have no doubt they are still on the red-ink side of the ledger. They are now engaged in that development work that promises future dividends. Take away those possibilities and the chains would break immediately. Quite aside from this, a reduction in the number of stations on a chain puts an end to nationally sponsored programs. Since we have, as a people, elected to leave broadcasting to private operation, this would mean collapse of the whole structure. The listener would be the sufferer. The time has arrived to consider these facts very soberly.

There are undoubtedly some faults in the chain system. Given time they can be eradicated. It should not be forgotten that the two major chains have vastly improved the type of programs, and the influence they have exerted is even beginning to affect the small local stations whose advertising methods in the past have been blatant and in some cases actually obnoxious.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 14

days in the East. There was something in the air beyond her ken.

Virginia had been distraught for long, waiting for him she called her sheep herder to come home. But it had been a wholesome counter-irritant. Only lately had the aftermath of the tragedy of her father's end left her to take up the threads of the future she prayed for and dreamed of. Sorrow would always abide with her, and remorse. For though her father had been the tool of an unscrupulous villain he had at the last been true to the blood of the Lundeens.

Every day had been a little easier to bear. Summer was coming. It would not be long now until— And she would try to still her aching, throbbing heart. Ethel would be coming soon—after what seemed ages of separation.

SHE wandered restlessly under the cottonwoods, catching at the white thistledown cotton that floated from above, as if it bore hopes to clasp to her bosom. She sat by the irrigation ditch and trailed her hand in the cool clay-colored water that came sliding and gurgling along under the grassy banks.

A few violets lifted wistful purple faces out of the green. She could not linger there long; the music of the water and the melody of birds grew unbearable. She dared not venture back into the garden, to that secluded corner by the broken wall where she had lured Clifton to ask him to marry her. She had gone there only once since coming to live here.

She strolled away. She stood watching the white sails in the sky. Her hands drooped idly. She saw nothing—heard nothing. Then the cloud-rimmed mountain peaks gave her a pang. She must get up to her shrine at Emerald Lake. There would be strength in the solitude and sublimity of the heights. But she could not go until—

The beauty and mystery of the day stung her. Of what avail to live, to be young, healthy, handsome, longing—if one must look back at sadness and fear a gray uncertainty of future?

It had been only of late, though, Virginia reflected, that she could find no peace, no occupation. There had been incalculable happiness, upon her return from Georgia, in deeding Cottonwoods to its rightful owners—the Forrests. That had been no easy task—not for her to surrender, but for Clay Forrest to accept. In the end she had won him. "You girl—you Lundeen," he had said brokenly. "First my son—then his mother! An' now I, too, must love you!"

With hatred overcome, and the recovery of his beloved Cottonwoods, Forrest became a transformed man. The years of his exile were as if they had never been. Though Virginia had to admit she could never have won him to accept her sacrifice had she not told him that the estate in the South left by Lundeen had enriched her far beyond and outside Cottonwoods. It had been her whim to bind Forrest to secrecy for the present.

She had gone back to the old adobe home in the Cottonwood grove, and asked no more than for Clifton to seek her out there. But would he? How endlessly long these last weeks! Was he dead? Her prophetic and loving heart could not abide that possibility. She knew, and the torture was only fear that he might not want her. Where had gone the old vain coquetries and audacities?

Virginia dragged herself back into the house, to try to take interest in the work of creating beauty and comfort there. For a while she shared the efforts of her two Mexican women servants, but soon she grew listless again. Her little room claimed her for hours by day as well as by night. It had been Clifton's room, too. The few things he had left there had never been moved, or touched, except with reverence, for they were relics of his boyhood, his brief days at college, and of the war.

She had made no change in this room. She trembled whenever she lay down on that old bed. The hard mattress had the same sag in the middle as when she was a girl. It used to hurt her back. As long as she could remember it had been there. And Clifton had lain there night after night, his mother had told her, sleepless and racked with pain, staring into the blackness, listening to the patter of the leaves outside and the murmuring water.

"I'll be all right when he's back, even if he doesn't come to see me," she sighed, and clenched her hands, and gazed up at the blank, dark wall.

And next day Jake, returning from an errand to San Luis, informed Virginia that Clifton Forrest had come back with her sheep.

"My sheep!" cried Virginia, in rapture, and silent gratitude to God. But she was thinking of her sheep herder!

"Eight hundred lambs, ole Lopez said," went on Jake, grinning. "He shore was sore for sellin'. Thet was a plumb good buy of yours, lady. An' with sheep jumpin' on the market you're settin' pretty."

"Did—did Lopez say how—how Clifton was?" asked Virginia, tremulously.

"Never nuthin'. Lopez is a talky ole cuss, too, but he was shore stumped about them eight hundred lambs."

Virginia rushed away to the green covert of the cottonwoods where she felt unseen even by the eyes of birds. And there she wept for joy, and raged at her weakness, and paced the walled aisle, and whispered to herself, and at the sound of her voice betrayed herself utterly:

"Oh, he's back—he's back! Thank God! . . . It was time. I'd soon have died. He must be well again. Seven months on the desert! Alone! Ill and weak when he left! O God! Poor brave boy! And I could not help him! Oh, how I love him! He must know! . . . But if he doesn't know—if he doesn't want me—his wife—what can I do? I can't crawl to him, like a dog, to lick his feet. But I want to—I want to."

SHE felt the better for her outburst, for the facing of her soul. That he was alive—strong enough to toil as a sheep herder for over half a year—that he had come home—was near her—only a few short miles across the hills! These facts mastered her selfish longings, and stilled the troubled depths of her.

Virginia decided there was no understanding human nature. First she had prayed that if only Clifton would live, she would be forever grateful and satisfied. Then it was for his return. And now that he was home, she yearned irresistibly to see him. How little she divined the complexities of love! What would she want—nay, more terrifying, what would she do when she met him?

The following morning she drove to Las Vegas to meet Ethel, who was coming on the early train; and timed her arrival so that she would have but few moments to wait at the station. Since

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her return from Atlanta, and the change in her fortunes, she had avoided town and people as much as possible. There had been much discussion of the Lundeen-Forrest feud, and her relinquishing of Cottonwoods had made her the subject of endless gossip. She did not care to run the gauntlet of acquaintances just yet.

When the train pulled in, Virginia scanned the Pullman vestibules with eager eyes. Soon she saw Ethel appear on the step, trim, dainty, like a butterfly in her spring finery. She looked anxiously up and down the platform, and did not espy Virginia coming toward her from the parking place. There were other passengers, trainmen and loungers present. Ethel pointed out her several pieces of baggage to the porter, which momentary lapse enabled Virginia to slip up behind her and put both hands over her eyes. She felt Ethel shake and whirl. Otherwise the meeting was the only solemn one they had ever had.

AFTER the porter lifted the baggage into the back of the car Ethel, still holding to Virginia and piercing her with hungry eyes, opened the dammed gateway of her speech.

"Oh . . . you perfectly stunning Virginia," she burst out. "You lovely marble thing! Where's your old tan—and the red of your cheeks? You're pale. You've thinned out. And that's all you needed to beat Helen Andrews two ways for Sunday. . . . But your sad, sad eyes! Poor darling, if you haven't had the rottenest deal! . . . Oh, Virginia, I'm so glad to see you, I'll cry my eyes out."

"So will I, honey, but let's wait till we get out home," replied Virginia, conscious of a sudden, sweet and wonderful warmth. It had not occurred to her that Ethel would be the best medicine in the world. Now she knew it. She took her seat at the wheel, and Ethel got in beside her.

"Just one word, darling, and a question," said Ethel, "after that it's all you."

"I think I can guess," replied Virginia.

"But you're not smiling. . . . Virginia, I'm to be married in June."

"Marvelous! I congratulate you. I'll be happy with you."

"Will you come to my wedding?"

"I surely will. How could you be married without me?"

"I couldn't. That's why you've had me guessing. Virginia, do you know I've had only two letters and one telegram from you in seven months? . . ."

"But, honey, how could I write, even to you?" implored Virginia.

"It would have been better for you. But you always were a strange close-mouthed creature. I think I understand and I forgive you."

Virginia drove out of town on the San Luis road, which was far from being a thoroughfare.

"I'll make up for my neglect," returned Virginia, humbly. "I'll talk you deaf and dumb and blind."

"I had your letters, as I said, and I read what was in the papers. You need not rake up that horrible—"

"But I shall," interrupted Virginia, as her friend hesitated. "It will do me good to talk."

"I met Mr. Jarvis yesterday. He asked all about you. I told him I didn't know much, but I would soon."

"How is he now?"

"Oh, he's completely recovered."

"I am very glad," said Virginia.

"Virginia, were you hurt in—in that fight?" asked Ethel, anxiously.

"I should say I was. Scratched—beaten black and blue! He even hit me! Ugh! . . . I'll tell you all about it some day."

Virginia could see that her faithful friend was repressing all kinds of explosives in consideration for her feelings. But Virginia would not have minded anything now. The ice was broken. She had been too long choked by her own inhibitions.

"Say, this is a swell road, if you don't know it. Where are we going?" remarked Ethel.

"Home."

"But this isn't the way to Cottonwoods."

"I don't live at Cottonwoods now."

"Oh, I see," rejoined Ethel, bursting with curiosity. "Is your mother with you?"

"No. I left her in Atlanta."

"How is she?"

"Pretty well. I spent three months with her. I don't think she will ever come back to the West. She likes her old home best and has better health there. My grandfather and grandmother have a fine plantation just out of Atlanta. I like it there too—for a visit. But give me the desert."

"Well, dearie, it's better news than I expected. I was afraid your mother would sink under that calamity."

"No, she didn't. Of course she never heard any but the barest details."

When they crossed the lower end of the valley below San Luis the whole wonderful triangle of green led up beautifully to the impressive white and red mansion on the bluff. Cottonwoods shone clear and stately in the sunlight. Virginia saw it with a pang. She had never been happy there.

"It's so lovely—everything, I mean," murmured Ethel. "I don't blame you, though, for not living at Cottonwoods, just yet."

"I gave Cottonwoods back to the Forrests," said Virginia, quite casually.

"*Virginia!*" cried Ethel, and with a flop sank back in her seat. She had been prepared for revelations, but this was too much. For the time being she was crushed by the catastrophe.

THEY drove out of the valley, through the sleepy little town of San Luis, past the spot where the blackened walls of Clifton's store still stood, and up the shaded, dusty country road where nothing had changed. And at length under the old weatherbeaten Spanish gate and into the green-gold grove where the vine-covered adobe house stood, surely in Ethel's eyes memorable of Clifton Forrest and inseparable from his story. Virginia's heart was full. It was strangely sweet to bring her dearest friend here. Ethel was pale, her eyes were wide and brimming with tears

"You live here?"

"Yes, honey."

"Alone?"

"I have two servants. Jake and Con have a cabin below."

"It is—lovely," concluded Ethel, with trembling lips.

"I like it better than Cottonwoods. Come. We can carry your bags in. You take the lighter ones."

The room into which Virginia led Ethel had once been her mother's and later Mrs. Forrest's. It was light and fairly large. Virginia had furnished it most comfortably, in harmony with the old-fashioned walls and beams, the open fireplace and the Spanish windows.

"One wouldn't think it was so nice—from the outside," murmured Ethel, as she divested herself of gloves and hat, and fussed with her pretty blond hair before the mirror, significantly keeping her back to Virginia. Presently she turned a convulsed little face and eyes streaming with tears.

"Gin-ia, I'm going—to bawl."

"So am—I," choked Virginia, and spread wide her arms.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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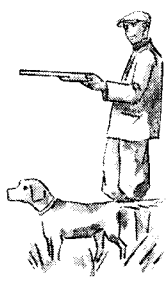

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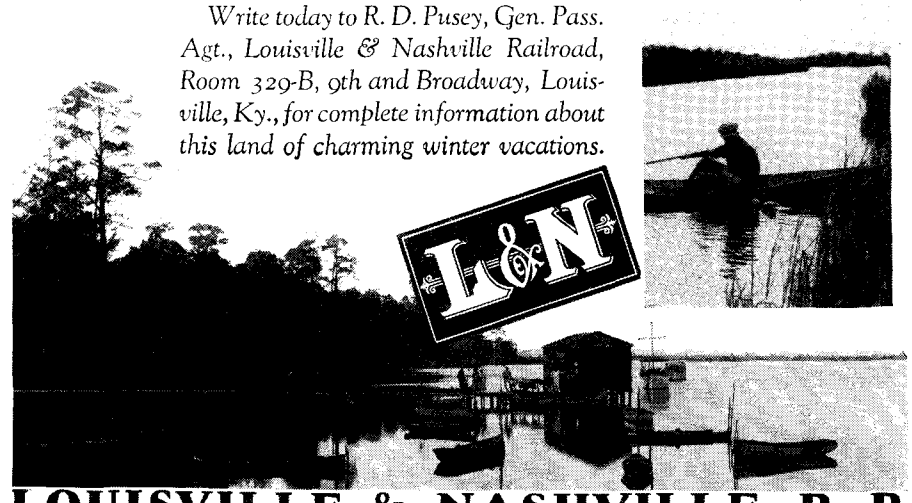

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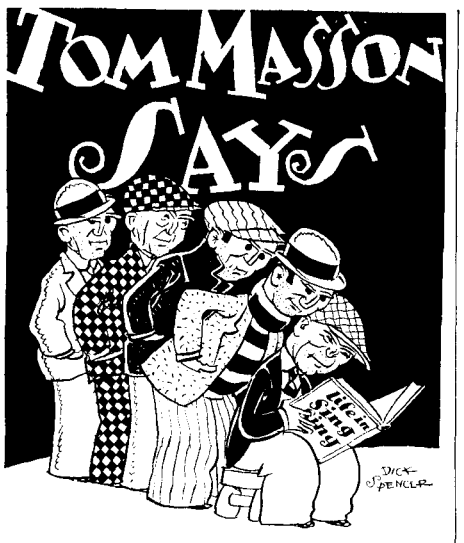

A famous warden has just written a book about life in Sing Sing. This will be news to a large proportion of our gunmen.

After March it will be in order for President Coolidge to write his reminiscences. If he runs out of material he can put down all the things he hasn't said.

If Henry Ford is going to be asked to straighten out the finances of foreign countries, he'd better begin saving on the side for old age.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and stupid.

We recall the time when everyone was fairly certain of getting drunk on New Year's Day. Now any old day is good enough.

The worst of it is that the first of the year comes on the first of the month.

It seems to be too bad that the Coolidge administration will begin to subside just when son John's love affair offers material for the headlines.

A young scientist of West Hartepool, England, declares that he can overcome gravity. If he succeeds perhaps he can get a job on some of our humorous papers.

A new coffee is to be introduced into Porto Rico which is said to be immune to hurricanes. It ought to become popular with husbands who want to cure their wives of nervous fits.

Sugar Moon

Continued from page 9

Colorado liquor reaches the market in various forms.

"While I was a prohibition official," one old-time Colorado politician said to me, "a lady in this town who gives the biggest parties, and is, as far as I can make out, the biggest society woman in the place"—he was speaking of Denver—"bought 80 gallons of whisky. She paid $75 a gallon for it. It was sent to her in 16 five-gallon oak kegs. They told this lady that whisky was some left over from 1913, in the days before Colorado went 'state dry.' We fellows knew she wasn't getting real whisky at all for her money. It was nothing but good Leadville 'moon' that had been aged. I suppose she served some of that famous 1913 whisky to the topnotch society folks of this town."

"One whole" are magic words to repeat to a bootlegger on Welton Street sidewalks or in the blind-pig cigar stores of Denver. You pay the man the money—$20—and later on another man will deliver to you "one whole" gallon of "moon" in one of the little new-fashioned kegs. If you say to the bootlegger "I want one whole loose," and pay him the money, a man later on will deliver to you ten pint bottles of "moon," likewise costing $20. I have never heard these terms before in my prohibition investigations. They are a slang peculiar to the eastern Rocky Mountain States.

Colorado, as I have shown, could get along so far as booze is concerned without help from the outside world. However, she doesn't have to. A traveling man, who works out of Denver, told me of an experience he had in trying to reach a customer in a certain town recently. "I went over to the store and they told me he was over in the railroad yard unloading grapes. He is a big general merchant and I was surprised to hear that he was really working. I went over to the yards and there he was in a refrigerator car dealing out California grapes at $80 a ton to dozens of Italian families who had come from all kinds of distances with automobiles, wheelbarrows, baby carriages, horses and buggies and almost anything with wheels on that you can think of to buy their winter's supply of wine-makings.

"This man told me that he would sell five carloads of grapes within a couple of weeks."

Fine and Frosty!

Outside stuff does come into Denver to compete in a small way with the local product. There is Juarez whisky, for instance. It is sometimes called "American Straight." It is real rye or bourbon and it is made in distilleries across the river from El Paso by American distillers who once thrived in Kentucky. It must reach Denver by vehicles of some sort. Persons from the Texas district with whom I have talked tell me that airplanes soar frequently from Juarez over the Rio Grande into the United States and pass far north into upper Texas and as far up into the state of Colorado as Trinidad and Denver. It is possible to put an airplane down safely on almost any square mile of land along the route and transfer the load to an automobile practically on the outskirts of any of the prairie or foothill towns.

Frosted gin bottles! Here's another new thing in prohibition violation that this investigator has come across in the heart of the supposedly dry inland West. One of the gin-making companies of Europe, for some reason or other, probably for the protection of its reputation, has changed the form of its bottles intended for America.

Instead of being square and of clear glass its bottles are now frosted, round and shaped like tapering ginger ale bottles. The name of the firm is molded into the glass so that the bottles cannot be counterfeited. These frosted gin bottles are frequently seen at high-class dinner parties.

Why isn't the prohibition law enforced in Colorado? I don't know. Why isn't it enforced everywhere? I'm no policeman or detective. I'm only a reporter, but I have been forced to scratch my head with extra energy over this Colorado situation. They have had two Federal enforcement officials since Federal prohibition went into effect eight years ago. One was E. H. MacLenahan of the little town of Greeley, Col. He is an old-timer in the state. After serving as Federal administrator for three years he pleaded guilty to an irregularity growing out of selling confiscated sugar, and was fined $300.

A Tough Job

To this day there is not a person in Colorado who believes there is a dishonest hair in MacLenahan's head. He was in politics for over 30 years; handled millions of dollars for candidates for various offices from governors up to senators and his trustworthiness and financial honesty were never doubted. It was a political jam that produced his downfall. In fact he presents indubitable proof that several hundred dollars which he received from confiscated sugar was respent immediately in his department in trailing down bootleggers.

The man who took his place as Federal prohibition administrator is John F. Vivian of Golden, Col., who is also a pioneer of the state. Both of these men have been Drys for years, both personally and politically. The presence of these two Colorado men in this Federal office means that Federal prohibition enforcement in Colorado has been just as local as the making of its own booze. Never, so far as the records of the Federal prohibition office in this district show, have outside Federal prohibition agents been sent into this district. Federal enforcement in Colorado has been left to the Colorado folk. And they haven't gotten the enforcement. May I repeat: Why?

Here is what John F. Vivian, the present administrator, says: "I've got three states to keep dry: Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico. That's 324,000 square miles; almost a third of a million. Lots of it's pretty bare country. Ranch houses are mighty far between. There are just as many places to hide stills out in these plains and in the mountains as there are in the big cities.

"I said 324,000 square miles, didn't I? Well, I've got just 35 Federal policemen to cover it."

Now Mr. MacLenahan, Colorado's former Federal official, is more outspoken. He isn't hampered by Washington's new restriction to the effect that prohibition officials must not speak too freely with reporters.

"There is just one reason you can't enforce the prohibition laws in this part of the country," he said, "and that is that folks want booze. Booze is in a buyers' market and not a sellers'. The fellows who sell it don't have to hunt for buyers. The buyers hunt for them.

"Why, figures tell the whole story better than I can. There are about 2,000 street bootleggers in Denver, on the sidewalks and in cigar stores and elsewhere. A bootlegger must have 50 regular customers in order to make a living and, believe me, brother, they are all making livings. That means, if you use your arithmetic, that there are about 100,000 booze buyers in Denver all the time. That is about one third of the population of Denver."

Almost invariably prohibition officials ask me: "How's this prohibition business going to turn out in the United States? Can the law ever be enforced?" I shot this question at MacLenahan before he could shoot it at me. And he's one of the few men who ever had an answer for me. Here it is: "You bet your life it can be enforced," he said, gritting his teeth.

"How?" I asked.

"There's only one way," he replied, "and that is to throw into prison, regardless of age, condition or social standing, every man, woman or child who violates the prohibition law in the slightest degree. Fill our prisons with 'em! When prisons get full build more prisons. It'll have to be a regular damn Spanish inquisition. After we keep this up long enough, the whole American people will rise up and repeal the whole foolish business, because they want their liquor and they are going to get it.

"Say," he continued, "there were little towns in my time in this district that actually secured a lot of their running expenses from bootlegging. In some towns the local police hauled them in once a month and fined them $100. In other towns the bootleggers quietly paid $100 a month and sold booze in their soft-drink places. This money isn't graft; it goes right into the town treasury for the town expenses.

"All I can see in this prohibition law is we are in one hell of a hole."

I've painted a pretty wet picture, I know. I couldn't paint any other and give facts.

Too Many Wets

There's a point in it all that we've come to at last. It is this:

In the old days, before the Federal prohibition amendment and before we called in Uncle Sam to be our local policeman, the Drys of any community, in most of our states, could go dry by local option.

But now it is the WETS of the community who, ignoring Uncle Sam's police force, are using their own form of local option to get wet.

In all these towns and communities I have mentioned, with an occasional exception in Denver, LOCAL OFFICIALS DO NOT ENFORCE THE PROHIBITION LAW. THEY DO NOT ENFORCE IT BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT A CONSIDERABLE PORTION OF THE COMMUNITY DRINKS AND WANTS TO CONTINUE DRINKING.

THIS IS A *WET* LOCAL OPTION.

The Drys of America threw away local option, with almost three quarters of the country far drier than any part of it is now, when Uncle Sam picked up the prohibition officer's club.

But this very same discarded local option is now being picked up by the Wets, and by its means they are bringing liquor into their communities.

And this is the very latest and newest turn that the prohibition problem has taken in the United States.

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The Hellion

Continued from page 6

amazed sawmill men were astounded to hear Joey Halen bellowing oaths that surpassed the best of Andy Norblad's. "Get up, you ——." Seizing the half-dazed yard boss by one arm, the son of Stormy Halen yanked, lifted, heaved, then hammered his right fist to the chest, and Toughy Callahan went down for the second time, completely out, with three of his ribs caved in.

A devil still raged in Joey Halen for more battle. He turned his fighting fury on the crowd. His eyes seemed to smoke as he roared:

"Anybody else want to step in? Come on! Come on!"

No one said a word; no one answered his look. There was a hush all through the crowd, except for the nervous shuffle of feet. And then, as quickly as it had possessed him, the storm of battle lust cleared away. All that had happened was like a nightmare.

AT LAST, he thought miserably, he had fallen into the horror his mother had created for him out of her own experience. He remembered how she used to cry whenever she spoke of the dreadful secret of the wreck of her marriage. How she would entreat him then always to keep himself superior to the taint in his blood, never to lose mastery of himself; never to risk the temptations of evil associations and impulsive acts. Always before him were the bogies of crime and punishment, ready to become terribly real, if he once let himself become Stormy Halen's son. . . .

The thought struck him strangely enough, as to how that ship's captain would have regarded him after that outbreak downstairs. Not with contempt, Joey decided. Somehow the idea consoled him. If he could only have the friendship of some man like that—a man with such strength of character that it showed in his most casual look—that was certainly what he needed. What he wanted, anyway. Friendship and understanding.

It was not until the night quitting whistle blew that Joey Halen had any realization that he was a new man in the eyes of everybody in the Norblad mill. A heavy stream of lumber kept him on the jump all afternoon, and he was too busy to notice anything but his work until five. Then, as the shift knocked off, the marker was amazed by a burst of hero worship from the youngest of the line-up men.

"Say!" exclaimed this one, who was hardly more than a kid. "I never had an idea anybody *could* bust loose like you did! Why, I thought every lick'd kill the bum! Man, I hope you don't never take a notion to go after me that way!"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world!" the other line-up man chipped in.

Joey Halen puzzled his mind over this sudden admiration as he started for the hotel. The lads had always poked fun at him before. He'd ignored that, but here was something he couldn't ignore. It warmed him up inside; he felt it, and it was pretty darned good!

He was still feeling a glow from the unique event when Andy Norblad hailed him from the company office.

"Want to warn you that you and Callahan'll both walk the plank if you don't keep the peace when he's back on the job," said old Andy severely. But the marker did not miss the friendly gleam in the faded gray eyes.

Joey felt a yet brighter glow in his heart as he walked on. He'd expected a savage raking over the coals from Norblad on account of the fight. Instead he'd received a mere warning and a friendly regard that had been missing for a long time. There was a swagger in his walk as he turned down the hall. He'd stood up and battled and licked his man. At last he let himself revel in the glory of it.

The hellion in Stormy Halen's son was awake. That night, instead of studying, he roved restlessly through the sawmill town as Stormy Halen had once roved the Duluth waterfront. He entered a pool-hall speak-easy. Six longshoremen, monopolizing the place, tried to drive him out. In ten minutes he was in sole possession, and one of the longshoremen was on his way to the hospital with a broken jaw. Andy Norblad only grinned when he heard of that. He was not partial to speak-easies or to longshoremen either.

A hellion was loose in the Norblad mill. Everybody was made keenly aware of the fact during the following week. Joey Halen was looking for trouble at every turn, even in his work. At last he was a man among men, and he never ceased to exult in it. The chip was never off his shoulder for a minute; he never walked but he swaggered; he never looked but he scowled.

It very soon got old.

"That lad's felt his oats too all of a sudden," said Dandy Jones as he watched Joey plow through the crowd to take the lead into the dining-room at supper one night. "He's ridin' for a fall. Never knowed it to fail."

It was a week after his revolt when Joey Halen began to admit himself that it had failed. On that night he drove into one of the lumber town's pool-hall saloons. There was decided hostility in the atmosphere, and Joey felt it. For a moment his old feeling of aloofness, his shyness, returned, and his exultant sense of mastery went cold. He did not wait to finish his drink before leaving the saloon. As he started a mumble of words sounded from the longshore gang:

". . . get his soon enough, the dirty trouble hunter!"

That roused him. He swung back from the door.

"Who made that crack? If I'm to get mine, I'm ready for it right here and now!"

NO ONE said a word. The men shuffled their feet, looked over and around him and were silent. His fists ached to smash into the whole gang, but he couldn't do that—not without more of an excuse. Getting no more of a response to his challenge, he left the saloon and tramped back to the hotel. Fifteen or twenty men were in groups about the lobby, smoking, talking, and playing cards. Those nearest the door fell silent when he entered and gazed self-consciously at their feet or at the ceiling. They wanted no talk with him; that was plain: he faced the fact at last that after his brief period of glory he was again an alien.

That day Captain Donlin returned from Seattle.

And that day Mike Callahan, younger brother of Norblad's yard foreman, appeared among an extra stevedoring gang brought down to hurry the loading of the New York ship, so that she might sail with the next morning's tide.

Toughy had gone to Seattle with his bandaged ribs to visit brother Mike. The lad had stevedored there until two years ago, when he discovered that he could earn much more with his fists in so-called boxing matches. Mike knew nothing about boxing.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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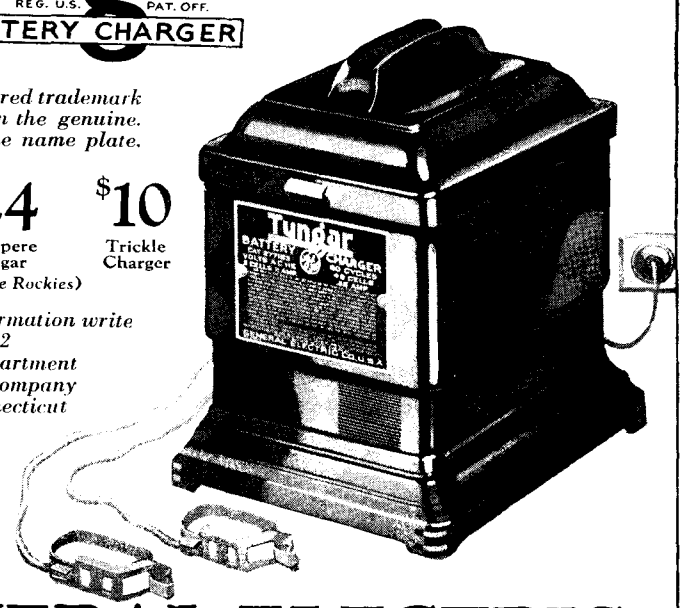

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from page 43*)

"Boxin'?" he would say, with his fresh grin. "Whatever's that? Sompin' they teach in the Y. M. C. A., huh? Me, I go in to knock 'em out, that's all."

He had generally accomplished his purpose, and the sport writers classified him with "the promising young heavyweights." But Mike was certain to be stevedoring again some day. He was brutal enough, but also good-natured; he fought for the fun of it, and had nothing of the killer's instinct.

Mike was fond of Toughy. And so, after viewing the bandaged ribs, he declared profanely that he was going down to Norblad's mill on the harbor—and then let that new bully down there try cleaning up on the rest of the Callahan family—just let him try!

The promising young heavyweight came down as a longshoreman because, as the cunning Toughy made clear to him, there was no shame in being whipped by a prize fighter.

So for one afternoon the promising young heavyweight was back on the beach, loading rope slings with lumber. Over at the head of the sorting table Joey Halen was going at his work more savagely than ever. All day his thoughts had stormed in a fury of revolt against the snares in which life had entangled him. He looked on all of his past life with hatred and with self-pity. And so it was a mighty gloomy young rebel who left his post at the quitting whistle and tramped alone toward the hotel. A voice halted him as he was passing the dry shed. He glowered in its direction and met the keen, forceful gaze of Captain Donlin.

"Howdy do?" he said, and would have passed on. But the captain stepped before him. The trace of a smile twinkled through his white beard.

"Won't you wait a minute?" he said. "I owe you an apology."

"Yeah?" said the marker shortly. "What for?"

"The other morning I let myself suspect you were a coward. Now I hear you're the opposite. Perhaps too—er—much the opposite."

"Well, what of it?" the son of Stormy Halen growled. "What business is it of yours, anyway?"

The captain's face was suddenly stonelike.

"None," he said, in a restrained voice. "My mistake."

HE WHEELED about and stalked for his ship. Joey had an impulse to call after him, to run after him, even, and then apologize, make friends. For the certainty struck him that there was a man who would understand him, who somehow wanted to understand him—but no, he'd be damned if he'd humble himself on any account. Anybody who didn't like his style could go jump in the harbor.

And that was the mood in which he met up with Mike Callahan.

Joey hustled upstairs and shaved before supper that night, and so he was late, most of the men being in the dining-room already when he came down. Shaving and sprucing himself up for his meals was another new habit of his, one inspired by the gray eyes of Dora Miller. At the foot of the stairs he was faced by a bigger, straighter, fresher-faced edition of the yard boss.

"You're the hellion, huh?" said Mike Callahan.

The hellion said nothing, but his eyes darkened.

"Well, buddy," Mike went on genially, "I guess you and me are goin' to gnaw a bone around for a while, to settle a kind of a argyment. The argyment is about one of my best longshore friends gettin' his jaw busted. Will you come to taw?"

There was only one answer for Joey Halen, in his present mood, as he felt the fire run through his arms and hot bands tighten in his fists.

"If you're looking for trouble, come on outside," he growled.

"No," said Mike, still grinning. "Run on to your supper, lad. If you've got the guts you brag about, we'll meet up out in the dry shed in half an hour. Are you game?"

For a moment the son of Stormy Halen was baffled. He stared at the square, grinning face of Mike Callahan while he tried to get the idea and find words for a reply. The thing to do was to tell this longshoreman that he'd fight if he had a reason for it, and not before. But he knew he'd be called a coward, a bully who'd been made to back down. So at last he said:

"Half an hour from now in the dry shed? All right."

The longshoreman nodded and, still grinning, made his way into the dining-room. Joey Halen did not follow. He wanted no supper now. Bareheaded, he left the hotel and struck out for the dry shed.

JOEY HALEN was low and disconsolate as he leaned against the dock-side door of the dry shed and gazed gloomily across the nearly empty space before Captain Donlin's ship. Only the mast lights and porthole windows shone now, for the winches were idle during the supper hour. Joey saw a door on the main deck open and the captain outlined in the oblong of light. Then the resolve swept over him like a whirlwind. There was a man to talk to, and, by thunder, he was going to do it, even if he had to get down on his knees! He strode for the gangway. . . .

"That's all right," said the captain, in answer to Joey's confused apology. "I think I understand. Mr. Norblad told me a good deal about you. Come up to my room."

Joey followed the captain up a ladder to the first bridge, and followed him into a room furnished with a desk, a settee, and two armchairs. The captain motioned Joey into one of them, sat down himself, and regarded his visitor with eyes that were as forceful as ever under a mane of white hair, but which gleamed with a sympathy that warmed Joey Halen to the heart.

"I don't know why I came to you, Captain," he began haltingly. "It's just that I'm in a kind of mess, with everything gone haywire, like I get a tangle of boards from the rolls. And I can't get it straight. I thought—maybe—"

"Tell me about it," said the captain.

And in another moment Joey was telling it all. He poured out his whole story; he told all of his ambitions and dreams, and tried to explain his rebellion and torment. It was a great relief when he was done. He had the feeling that the captain would set him right, tell him what to do. The captain, who had listened with one hand shading his eyes, waited for a good while before he spoke. But at last he cleared his throat and began to speak, in a voice that was firm and sure, yet warm with sympathy:

"You've never lived your youth, lad; that's your main trouble. And youth will be lived, if there is red blood in its veins. Sooner or later it will make its demands. I don't mean that you should have sown what is called wild oats; it is just that you have tried to jump over the twenties—the age for roving, drinking and fighting, if there is a powerful urge for them, and for love." His voice softened. "Tell me, lad, have you a girl?"

"No," said Joey, "but there is one. Gray-eyed and blond; she—"

"Ah!" the captain interrupted. "Gray-eyed—and blond. Well . . . no matter. Throw the burdens of the world from your shoulders, lad, and play for a while. Fall in love, dance, be merry, for the time will come when you'll bitterly regret the passing of the natural time for these things. And now"—the captain's voice turned hard and cold—"I have something more serious to speak about. This hellion business. You see, I knew Stormy Halen."

"My father!" Joey exclaimed.

"Yes. Once I sailed the Great Lakes. I knew your father, as Andy Norblad knew him. We don't need to speak of him now. It's enough to say that you've got violent blood. It'll explode in you! It may lead to murder! Hold it down, I say!"

Joey Halen stared at the sudden passion in the captain's voice.

"I knew Stormy Halen as well as anyone: that is it. I saw him go to hell." His voice shook. "I have a few sorrows myself . . . which I must keep to myself. . . . If you'd go now—I sail at dawn. I'll be back in three months. . . . Well, good-by."

HE PUT out his hand, and as Joey, vastly comforted but wondering, reached for it his gaze happened to fall on the chronometer on the wall. He exclaimed.

"What now?" asked Captain Donlin.

Joey feverishly explained about his engagement with the husky longshoreman in the dry shed. The captain's eyes blazed as he listened. When Joey asked him what should be done—should he run or fight—the captain was silent, obviously undergoing a tremendous inner struggle—but at last he heaved his broad, square shoulders, his eyes burned into Joey Halen's, and his voice roared out of his chest:

"Fight him, my boy!"

Mike Callahan was waiting under the dry-shed lights, the longshoremen

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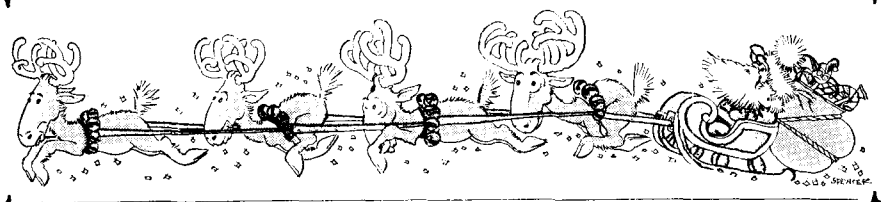

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around him. The sawmill men had heard about the impending battle, and they were scattered about in groups. All had been waiting impatiently for some minutes when Joey Halen, the hellion of the Norblad mill, swung across the dock floor, with Captain Donlin behind him.

There was no talk, no preliminary bother about rules and regulations. The battle was to be old-style rough-and-tumble. Anything was to go. The hellion tossed aside his coat as he came up, and Mike Callahan, stripped to his undershirt, rushed out to meet him.

Joey Halen swung into that rush with the plunging charge of a maddened bull. Here was no sullen, resentful fury; all of his torment and trouble was gone now, and he was impelled by a fierce, rousing joy of battle. His powerful arms flailed in tremendous swinging strokes; they beat Mike's first jabs away, forced him back on his heels, started him in a retreat. Before he could recover, a swing clipped him on the side of the neck, and he reeled. He ducked another swing, but the next one sideswiped his nose, and the blood spurted.

THE longshoremen groaned as they saw Mike's white undershirt streaked with red. Those who had beheld the hellion in action cleaning out the speakeasies already saw Mike's defeat; they forgot their veneration for his "science." That science, however, consisted chiefly of an ability to punch hard and straight. He could also, without losing his grin, take punishment that would make an ox groan. So now, leaping back from the hellion's rush, he set himself again and lunged in, driving his fists straight before him. One! Two! Three! One! Two! Three! like that he plumped stiff jabs and uppercuts to Joey's face. Joey was staggered, and his swings went wild. But he kept swinging.

For more than twenty minutes the battle pounded on with hardly a let-up. Both men were blood-streaked, their faces battered, and their mouths were drawn wide open as they strained for air. The blows of both were losing steam. They staggered as they lunged at each other. Yet they kept charging. It was a contest of endurance, condition and fighting heart, for the hellion's enormous energy and his inherent talent for bloody battle at least equaled the "science" of Mike Callahan.

Endurance, condition, courage, luck—and there was something more. Joey Halen was fighting for his youth. An inspiring sense of that shone above the most blazing fury of the battle. At first it had only been a vague sense that he *had* to win, else life would be intolerable for him in the Norblad mill henceforth. Then, in a flash, at a moment when the jolting jabs of Mike Callahan were driving him back, showering savagely down on him, he saw the white hair and the masterful eyes of Captain Donlin in the fog of faces that circled him and his foe. Just the flash of them, but a fresher, intenser fire was kindled in his heart. The look of the man struck him, penetrated him, roused him as it had that first day; and as it had started his rebellion then, so it now seemed finally to bring out, to release, all the force of the youth he had never lived. It blazed, it exploded, hurled him on, making him feel that he was not fighting just another man, but for what was rightly his from life.

He did not feel the pain of any blow; he had not one feeling of being battered, bloodied, winded, of being close to either complete victory or complete defeat. Instead he felt bigger, stronger, more powerful and fast, as the crisis of the battle approached.

It broke furiously, without warning. The hellion was knocked down. How it happened no one knew, not even Mike Callahan himself. But there was the hellion, crashing down on his shoulders and the back of his neck, his heels flying high. He rolled on over in a sort of somersault and rose to his hands and knees. A boot smashed into his ribs. The lights above swam in a white, glaring stream as he rolled over on his back. He heard a far-away sound; it was a yell of triumph from the longshoremen—then the boot struck again, and the pain cleared his head.

The boot swung again—but the huge right hand that had for five years tossed boards about as though they were toothpicks closed about the ankle of the swinging foot; the cords in the hellion's beamlike wrists tightened; the other hand clutched the breeches leg above the knee, the two arms yanked, and Mike Callahan was jerked to the floor, his head striking, half stunning him.

Dazed, beaten to a point where his only consciousness was his fighting instinct, the hellion was overwhelmed by the blood of Stormy Halen. One great hand closed about Mike Callahan's throat; the other, clenched into a fist of iron, pounded on the slack jaw. The body under him went limp, the battered face was convulsed, the eyes staring, but still the hellion choked with one hand and pounded with the other. Suddenly it seemed that two hooks of steel caught him under the arms, and he was irresistibly lifted to his feet, torn free from his prostrate opponent. He struggled in the harsh grip, snarling like a wild animal, but he was dragged back and held fast. At last the red flames faded from before his eyes, and his senses returned. But he was still fight-mad.

"Damn you, let me go!" he growled.

"Be quiet now or I'll lay you out myself!" Captain Donlin's voice, entirely unrestrained now, roared into the hellion's ears. Strangely enough, it cooled him down. The steel grip whirled him around, shaking him. He submitted, relaxing, feeling his strength going; feeling all his bruises now . . . and mighty tired. . . . He swayed. . . . The voice still roared at him. . . . "Don't tell me . . . was fightin' before you was born . . . you mind . . . what I was tellin' you. . . . Stormy Halen's son . . . would you do murder? . . ."

Joey Halen's whirling, sinking thoughts were steadied for a second by a sudden miraculous conviction. He knew now what the power of Captain Donlin wa . . . what it all meant . . . and it brought a wonderful peace . . . though it made him want to cry . . . as if he were a small kid again. . . . He blinked his eyes open with an effort, and his battered lips twisted into a grin.

"We got to stick—we need one another," he said. Something choked his voice, but he went on, "for you're my old man — Stormy — Stormy Halen — yeah, I'm his son—" And then he collapsed into the captain's arms.

AN HOUR later Captain Donlin sat in his office, now listening to the steady breathing in the next room, now looking at a photograph which he held in his two hands. He spoke to the face it imaged:

"I've broken my promise, Annie, but surely I've earned the right, after all these bitter, lonely years. Anyhow, I'm taking him with me, to look after him, to straighten him up—and—"

He laid the photograph down, and his black eyes glowed again as the scenes of the battle in the dry shed flashed before him. Stormy Halen's son! That was it. His promise would never have been broken, his buried life would never have been revived, had not the lad proved himself so truly, so dearly his own, the son of Stormy. The captain's lips moved again.

"And—and to love the young hellion," he said.

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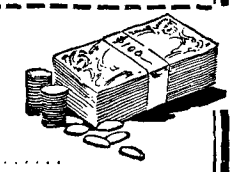

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

TOO often Christmas is a burden and an ordeal.

We let it become the season when we eat more than we want and drink more than we need. As frequently as not we spend more than we can afford and we receive more than we can use. When the day is done we offer thanks that another twelve months must intervene before we undergo another such experience.

What folly! Christmas is the finest of all holidays if we treat it right.

Really there is no day quite like it in all the calendar. The other religious festivals are seasons of sacrifice and of solemnity. The other national holidays are times of martial celebration or of the making of good resolutions.

Christmas is unique among the idle days. We celebrate not our achievements nor the glories of our forebears, but something different and finer than anything we expect to be.

At no other time is generosity so much in evidence. We indulge ourselves and are liberal with our friends, relatives and dependents according to our habits.

So generous are we that the Christmas spirit is one of the important factors in business. This year the banks disbursed more than a half-billion dollars to those thrifty ones who joined Christmas savings clubs.

A vast sum of money, its expenditure has already done much to stimulate trade. Nobody need quarrel with that. If the Eskimos live by doing one another's laundry we may prosper by exchanging Christmas presents.

But the cowboy who ordered a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs didn't have much of a meal. No more does the mere expenditure of money make a Merry Christmas.

We have to give something which bears no price tickets if we want either to be happy or to make others happy.

That something is the precious quality in the life of the Child whose birth we celebrate.

If Christianity has meant one thing throughout the ages it is human brotherhood. Long before Bethlehem was famous in history, members of a single family were tied together by bonds of affection and parents were able to see good even in their erring children.

With Christianity the family widened and we were taught that it is good to extend that same understanding and good will to men of all races and faiths.

We call ours a Christian country but most of us fall far short of living in accordance with this great principle.

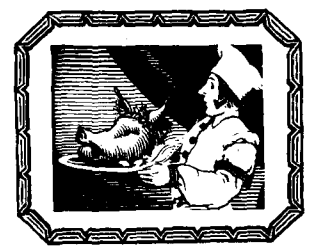
Christmas invites us to look out and beyond our narrow circles and to attempt to see the essential humanity of people quite different from us.

As we are able to do this we are refreshed and not wearied by the season.

If you want to get the most out of this Christmas, put the best of yourself into it. Give what you can in money and things to those to whom such gifts will bring pleasure or comfort, but don't stop there.

Try to extend the Christmas spirit to people you don't ordinarily like. See if in the light of Christmas morning you can get a fairer comprehension of the thoughts and feelings of those with whose opinions and customs you disagree. You don't have to change your own views or habits—just get a clear picture of the other fellow.

If you are well supplied with the good things of life, do something for others not so fortunate and don't let your right hand know of the good deeds you are able to accomplish with your left. Try a little of that fundamental Christian spirit and you will be neither bored nor impoverished by another Christmas.



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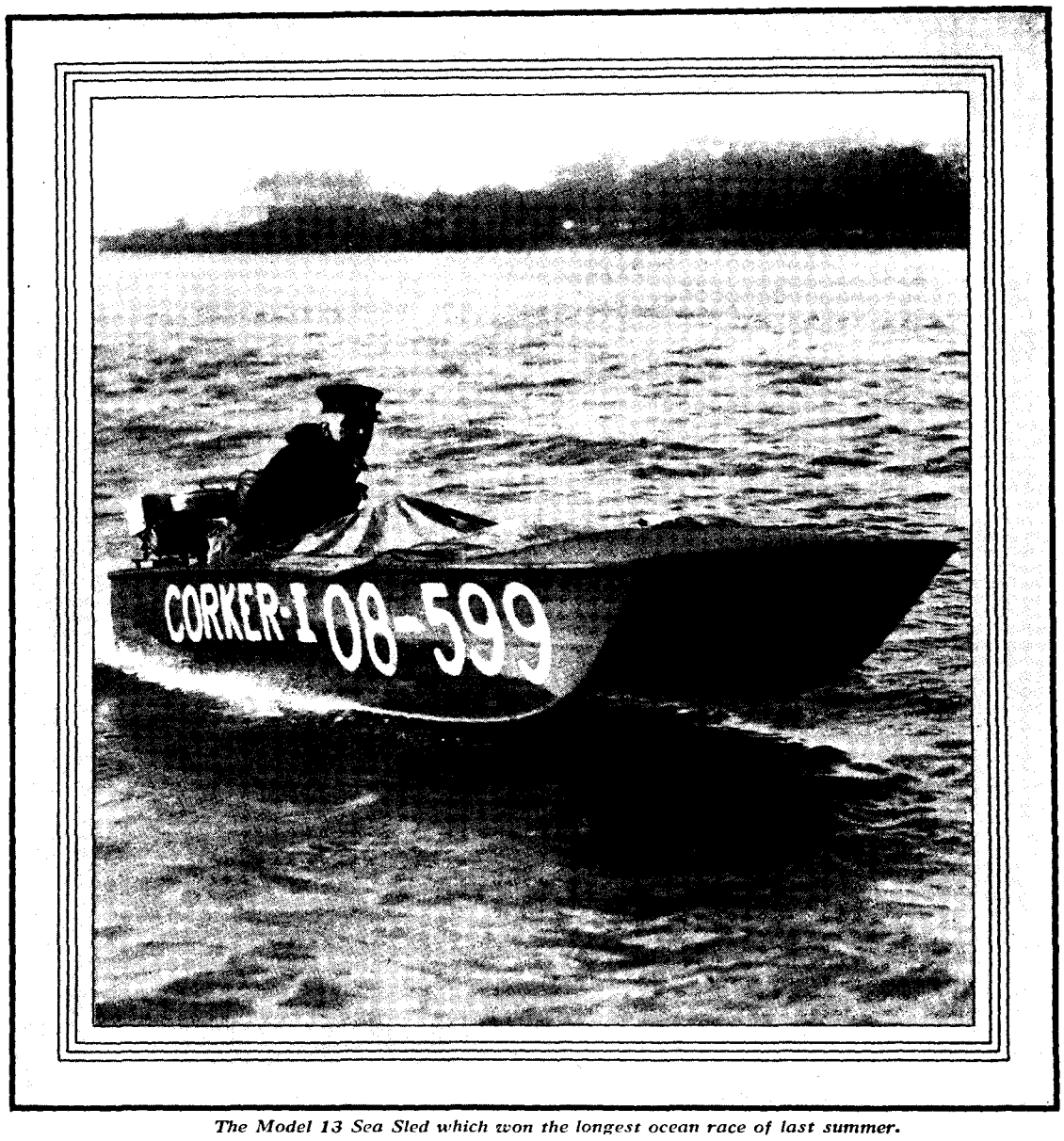

The Model 13 Sea Sled which won the longest ocean race of last summer.

1929 will introduce new models in the larger Sea Sleds which beat anything that the yards have ever turned out.

Commuters Ahoy!

To promise that the new models surpass their predecessors in *speed with comfort and safety* would be foolish, because Sea Sleds have already built a four square reputation for those prime essentials. But the new models show refinement of design and skilful extra planning which will make any man proud to be seen in their company.

A recent issue of "Grand Central Zone Tab" refers to the rapidly increasing popularity of commuting by water and forecasts greater dock and mooring facilities for those who thus desire to combine business with pleasure.

It's a gay, sprightly little screed which contrasts the stuffy, crowded commuters' train with the optimistic assurance that "Sardines may now travel to work by water".

For commuting by water there is no craft afloat which can touch a big Sea Sled. She delivers speeds with the regularity of a suburban train.

Every Sea Sled, big or little, is solid mahogany, double planked bottom, bronze bound chines, built to stay by "when a feller needs a friend".

SEA SLED Outboards can stand almost unlimited punishment. "Corker I" came down the 260 miles from Boston to New York and crossed the finish line first of a fleet of fast racers. This was a stock model 13, the exact duplicate of more than a thousand others.

Her only license to win this race was that she outlasted and out-swam all competitors. There was some hard water that day between dawn and dark and she breasted ocean seas fit to make the average hair stand on end. But in the whole rough going she hardly shipped a teacupful of salt water.

Model 16 finished third, her added weight accounted for the few minutes difference in timing.

These outboard Sea Sleds are the huskiest things afloat. A letter just came in from an owner giving a vivid picture of what a Sea Sled will stand. He writes:

Gentlemen:

Yesterday my partner was riding in our Sea Sled Model 13 when the steering handle broke. Before he was able to regain control he crashed into a steamboat pier. The Model 13 was travelling about 30 miles an hour when she hit. Not one of the bottom or side boards split nor did any seams open. We were able to use her for the rest of the day after the accident. This certainly shows that Model 13 is a rugged and well-built boat.

In repairing her we would like to use mahogany. Will you please let me know the approximate cost.

Thanking you, I am

Very truly yours,

Just as Stevens proved that Model 13 could win against racers, so this owner seems to have demonstrated that she is "a rugged and well-built boat".

We are a trifle "choosy" about our dealers, but when we get on good terms with one, business becomes a pleasure. A new man buys a Sea Sled and proceeds to share his enthusiasm with a friend—the dealers like it and so do we.

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1928 has been Willys-Overland's record year. Shipments totalled 325,000 cars—an 89% increase over 1927, as compared with a 28% increase for the whole industry. This dramatic advance brings Willys-Overland to a new starting point for still greater achievement in 1929.

At the New York Automobile Show next week, at subsequent shows throughout the country and at thousands of dealer showrooms, the Superior Whippet will establish new high standards for low-priced cars—Fours and Sixes. By seeing and driving these cars, you can prove to your own satisfaction how much further they have advanced over competition.

Artistically, the creation of master designers; mechanically, the triumph of progressive engineers—this new Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor, and is eminently qualified to enhance Whippet's unequalled reputation for dependable operation and minimum service costs.

It will be well worth while to see the new Superior Whippet as soon as it is on display.

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